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Friends of Atlantic Union

A POLITICAL event of some importance has taken place when a letter announcing a new organisation appears in *The Times* signed by Labour politicians like Sir Hartley Shawcross (Chairman) and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, by leading Conservatives and Liberals like Ralph Ashton, Lord Halifax, Mr. Grimond and Professor Robbins, and, significantly, by the Secretaries of two of the largest trade unions, Mr. Arthur Deakin and Mr. Lincoln Evans. This is an unusual coalition.

The basis of this letter is the not very novel point that unity in the West will not be maintained merely by armaments. So Sir Hartley and his colleagues propose closest economic co-operation within "the civilisation of the democracies of free Europe, of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and the United States". This statement raises more questions than it answers. As formulated, it seems to discard the U.N.—the only East-West meeting ground that survives, and apparently the only machinery through which any kind of reconciliation could still take place. Would it be wrong to suggest that the Friends of Atlantic Union are now, in fact, suggesting that we should substitute a new United Nations of the White and Western Nations with imperial traditions? Inevitably, the proposal will be regarded by the great mass of the world's population as an attempt to revive Western imperialism under American leadership. Since the old empires are unable to maintain themselves on the old basis, it will be argued, they are now proposing to unite in a new U.N., in which there will be no Asian, African, South American or Communist groups to veto or obstruct Western policies, or propose alternatives.

The question also arises whether the signatories have forgotten the existence of other Powers which do not belong to the West or East and which are yet of vital importance to world economy. In the long run the most important of these may well be India, which is today a neutral country, potentially one of the greatest in the world. Indian sentiment is highly unlikely to regard with favour a proposal which could only increase the economic pressure that is already exerted from Washington to bring Delhi within the Western orbit. The last thing that anyone who understands the vast revolutionary process now at work in Asia would advocate (unless he desired all Asia to be Stalinist) would be so to tighten Western economic organisation that Asian Powers are compelled abruptly to choose between East and West.

The Friends of Atlantic Union will also have to consider whether they include Spain, Turkey and Greece among the democracies of Western Europe or whether they will formally expel them. More important is the consideration that Germany and Japan, now rapidly reviving as great industrial Powers, are in the process of becoming, if not a Third Force, at least an influence bringing back the conception of a balance of power, ruling out the simple assumption of two great conflicting blocs. Japan in revival must either return to her close economic integration with China and Manchuria or seek to drive other nations, particularly Britain, from Asian and African markets on which they depend. Similar considerations apply to re-industrialised Western Germany, which is much too easily assumed to belong to the Atlantic Community. If pressed to a choice, German generals are apt to prefer the policy of Rapallo.

These are long-term issues raised by the formation of an all-party organisation to promote close Atlantic Union. But the particular issue which is posed for Britain and the Commonwealth is economic. Not merely does the proposed grouping apparently imply that we are to cut ourselves irrevocably off from all trade with the Communist half of the world; "economic co-operation" in a Western bloc inevitably dominated by the U.S. might lead to the dissolution of the sterling area; the dollar market and U.S. capital would be an irresistible magnet attracting the Dominions. This being so, the Friends of Atlantic Union may end by undermining the British Commonwealth as well as the United Nations. It may also be a matter of some importance to Sir Hartley Shawcross and Mr. Gaitskell, who are members of the Labour Party, that full co-operation with the U.S. might mean the lesser partner's abandoning all Socialist policies.

Ratify or Postpone?

Should the British Government follow the Parliamentary pattern in Paris and Bonn, and postpone the ratification of the Contractual Agreement on Western Germany until the autumn? The Labour Party has apparently plumped for deferment, though an influential minority, conscious of its commitment to the inclusion of German divisions in E.D.C., is known to feel that nothing is to be gained by delay. In our estimation, the case for postponement is overwhelming. The threat that the Agreement will be ratified is the strongest card which the West has to play in bargaining with the Soviet Union; and until hope of securing by negotiation an agreed solution to the German problem must be finally abandoned, the card should not be played.

It would be idle to pretend that hopes of any such accord are bright. Recent activities in Eastern Germany—the scorched frontier line, the loud talk of a "National Army" and the general tough line enunciated by Herr Ulbricht—suggest that the German Communists at least see no prospect of German unification, and perhaps do not even desire it. Moreover, the latest Western Note delivered in Moscow is an equivocal document. It offers, it is true, a conference to discuss the composition and functions of an electoral commission of investigation; but the whole tone of the Note invites doubt whether the Americans, at any rate, believe sincerely that any talks with the Russians are now worth while. There is obviously ample room for stalling on the selection of an "impartial" commission; and the Russians, on their side, are bound to dissent from the proposition, on which the Note still insists, that a unified Germany must be free to contract any military alliance it pleases.

Even so, we believe that there is every justification for delaying until after the summer Recess a step which would take Britain so far towards approval of a revived Western Wehrmacht and the irrevocable partition of the Reich. It need not be necessarily assumed that everything Herr Ulbricht now says represents Moscow's last word. Russian moves suggest, on the face of it, that they are prepared to pay a price if they can secure a Germany which is neutralised as well as unified. Even if they return a dusty answer to the latest Note, their last word may not be said; and, until there is completely convincing evidence that their offer of free all-German elections was insincere, it would be a fatal mistake to close the door on the possibility of negotiations.

Deadlock in Egypt

Sirry Pasha, the new Prime Minister, has announced that he proposes to try his hand both at putting Anglo-Egyptian relations on a new footing and at solving the problem of the Sudan. With Nahas Pasha and the Secretary-General of the Wafd both quietly sipping the waters at Aix-les-Bains, he has a breathing space in which to see whether he can do better than his predecessor Hilaly Pasha, and he is less likely to be embarrassed by intrigues against him on the part of the tax-shy monied interests, whom Hilaly antagonised. All the same, Sirry Pasha has no easy task. There is every reason to believe that the Sudanese delegation now in Cairo will repeat the Umma Party's firm rejection of the proposal that King Farouk should exercise any form, no matter how nominal, of sovereignty over the Sudan; and, unless he can achieve some sort of prestige success in this direction, the Prime Minister will find it hard to compromise on the demand for the unconditional evacuation of British troops from the Canal Zone.

The Foreign Office has denied reports that, in his interview with Sir Oliver Franks on Monday, Mr. Acheson exerted "pressure" to persuade Britain to make concession in the matter of the Sudan in order to secure Egyptian concurrence in the establishment of a base in the Zone for N.A.T.O. (in substitution for British) forces. The denial may be accepted, so far as Mr. Acheson is concerned; but in Pentagon quarters there is growing impatience that the whole Middle East defence scheme should be held up by the Sudan dispute. A further, and still more disquieting factor to be borne in mind is that, if no progress is made in the Anglo-Egyptian talks, Sirry Pasha is likely soon to give way to still more intransigeant forces.

D. C. Thomson Report

The findings of the Ministry of Labour inquiry into the dispute between D. C. Thomson & Co., the newspaper publishers, and the members of the National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants, criticised both sides—the unions for extending the dispute and the firm for its intransigence in banning union members from its employment. The first, the question of breaking of union agreements in various industries in support of the Natsopa members, is a matter of litigation in both the English and Scottish courts; the second is a matter of history dating back to the General Strike, when the redoubtable Mr. Thomson slammed the door on the unions and made the signing of an undertaking not to join the unions a condition of employment. The firm maintained this anachronistic position for 26 years until the Trojan Horse of trade unionism appeared within its gates. As the court of inquiry pointed out, the firm's contention that in 1926 it was seeking to protect itself from future industrial disturbance and to protect its employees who had not joined the strike, had been wholly invalidated by the event. The unions have intimated their acceptance of the Court's findings: the firm should do the same. It is obvious that the nonagenarian proprietor, Mr. D. C. Thomson, regards his attitude as a personal crusade (he has had many); but surely there are younger elements in the firm who recognise the facts of the mid-Twentieth Century.

Reprieve for the Art Galleries

The Opposition are to be congratulated on making such good use of their debate last Monday on the Treasury economies which have forced the partial closure of some of the national art galleries and museums. Mr. Wyatt's speech, in particular, was remarkably effective in demonstrating beyond argument the disproportionate damage which has been done by these ill-considered cuts. In the end, the Government spokesman yielded to an unanswerable case, though with lamentably bad grace. The Treasury is to offer the museums and galleries concerned the services of its highly expert Organisation and Methods Division, in an effort to devise staff economies which will avert the closures. Where this proves impracticable, the Chancellor will "look at the figures of that particular institution again." This means, we take it, that by some means or another further closures will be avoided, and that most facilities of which the public have already been deprived will be restored. Mr. Butler must also give careful thought to the doubts expressed by some of the directors and curators—and vividly illustrated by Tuesday's theft of Admiral Vernon's gold box from the National Maritime Museum—about the effectiveness of security arrangements with such limited staffs. To risk the loss of priceless national treasures in pursuit of a total saving of thirty thousand pounds a year is an absurdity which must surely impress Ministers—even if they care little for the convenience of the art-loving public.

CHICAGO

Dewey Rides Again

Our Washington Correspondent cables: Democrats are busy analysing Eisenhower's victory and are trying to decide whether to make an all-out effort to retain power—including, if necessary, the "drafting" of obstinate Mr. Truman—or whether the wiser course would be to place the Party's destiny temporarily in the hands of a competent receiver in bankruptcy. There is no denying that the Republican ticket is much stronger than expected. The Eisenhower forces won without having to make concessions to the Old Guard. Indeed, the General's victory was much more than the triumph of internationalism over isolationism, or of a winning smile over a sour-puss expression; it was the victory of modern political methods and attitudes over outdated ones.

Eisenhower's initial successes in the primaries were undoubtedly due to the public's conception of his personality; but, in the late Spring, his amateur political organisation was limping along slowly, and his own speeches on his return from Europe, particularly at Abilene, proved a bitter disappointment. Two events, however, then occurred which radically altered the situation. First, the still intact and ruthlessly efficient Dewey machine was put at his disposal. Secondly, Taft's equally ruthless ambition over-reached itself in the case of the "steal" of Texas delegates. The Dewey machine was ready to approach Chicago with a formidable, if negative, campaign on the theme "Taft can't win." Texas provided a more uplifting and positive issue of "fair play," and the Dewey machine knew how to exploit it to the full. Herbert Brownell, who managed Dewey's 1948 campaign, drafted a telegram of protest and 'phoned it to the annual conference of Governors, which happened to be meeting in Texas. There, Dewey succeeded in "selling it" to 24 other Republican Governors. Delegates to the Conventions are far more impressed by the attitude of Governors than those of Senators and Representatives; for, like most delegates, Governors are elected locally on local issues. Thus, when the Governors thought the issue of "fair play" of sufficient importance to justify sending a telegram to the National Committee, immediately before the Convention, demanding that the rules be changed and contested delegations be silenced during the voting, the balance was already tipped towards Eisenhower on the first crucial vote. In short, Round One went to Dewey on Ike's behalf.

Round Two centred on the question whether

television should be allowed in the National Committee's preliminary hearings on the matter of the disputed delegation—hearings which are open to all other types of reporters. The Committee, nominated by the Old Guard, stupidly said "No," thereby alienating every T.V. commentator, regardless of his political persuasions. The result was that, as the delegates were provisionally seated, every T.V. programme was airing Eisenhower's complaint. Round Three: Taft's men in vain tried to make compromise offers on the seating question. Eisenhower's managers knew they had the vote in their pocket on the issue of changing the rules, and consequently held out. Some Taft managers counselled against risking a roll call, but the more stupid ones, who managed to retain control of Taft's strategy throughout the Convention, wanted to fight. The fighters had their way; and the roll call on the opening day went, as it was expected, to Eisenhower. Round Three to Ike.

Round Four found Taft's men groggy from their battle with television, and they had to allow cameras to photograph the proceedings of the Credentials Committee while it reviewed the National Committee's provisional decision on seating. By that time there was a huge national viewing audience. It was treated to a picture of a rotten borough unparalleled since Eatonswill. Meanwhile, the Dewey machine had prepared local lists of protestors who acted on the word of command and duly telegraphed angry comments to their delegates: the flood of telegrams organised by Wilkie in 1940 was repeated.

These developments more than compensated for Taft's domination of the proceedings on the floor, where the customary opening speeches were being made by political extremists. Moreover, Eisenhower's managers had raised such a scream about the Convention officers all being Taft partisans that the temporary chairman was leaning over backwards to be fair. Thus all Taft's advance rigging of the Convention was of no avail: the "fair play" issue had to be settled by fair debate. Here, too, the Eisenhower group had all the advantages. They understood television and modern methods; they produced a succession of young, dynamic speakers, chose them for their looks and voices rather than their names, and gave each one a single simple point to make in a short speech. Taft's side trundled out boring, old, familiar and hardly telegenic figures like Rep. Clarence Brown of Ohio, thus adding to the public impression that, while Ike stood for youth, progress and political morality, Taft stood for age, reaction and privilege. By then, the demoralised Taft forces were desperately trying to compromise; Taft still hoped to organise a coalition. But it was all over, bar the formalities.

The hurried choice of Senator Nixon for Vice-president was the only error made by the Eisenhower group in their successful posture as triumphant responders to the voice of the people. Nixon had been Ike's supporter all along, but was forced to vote for Warren under California's rules. He is much more than a "house-trained McCarthy"; he is a formidably successful campaigner who dislodged two of California's best Democrats—first, Jerry Voohees from the House, and later Helen Douglas from her Senate candidature. As usual, no attention was paid to the possibility that only one missed heart-beat might stand between him and the White House. All the same, he emphasises the Eisenhower appeal to youth, and the big part played in sending Alger Hiss to jail will no doubt be exploited fully if the Democrats draft Stevenson, who gave a character affidavit for Hiss. The Old Guard haven't taken their defeat lying down and may do a bit of silent sabotage in the coming months. But the fact remains that the Republican Party has revitalised itself: voters are once more offered a chance of a reasonable alternative Government which would at least not drag the United States into primeval slime.

PARIS

French Textile Troubles

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Friday, Paris papers carried the following message from Chicago:

> In the course of a conversation with the delegates of Nebraska, Eisenhower . . . criticised the French, whose "moral fibre," he said, "was almost on the point of disintegrating." Unlike the Americans . . . the French had "lost their way." This, he said, was obvious from the fact that 50 per cent. of Frenchmen were agnostics or atheists.

Senator Lodge later told French correspondents that there must have been some misunderstanding, but when asked whether the General would care to comment on the remarks he had made, Lodge said that Eisenhower was much too busy with other things at the moment. A few Right-wing papers like *Aurore* played down the General's obliging remarks on France, and expressed great delight at his nomination ("now we know that America won't desert Europe"), but the news was received here with rather mixed feelings. Throughout the 18 months he was here, the French, on the whole, failed to be won over by Ike's standard grin and display of good humour; they knew all along that he was much more interested in Germany, whose rearmament he was pushing as hard as he could. Eisenhower's election would not be regarded here as a victory for caution, moderation or peace through negotiation. Moreover, most observers here fear that his home policy will be profoundly reactionary; and the choice of Nixon for vice-presidential candidate is considered ominous.

Meanwhile, Parliament has broken up for three months, and the Pinay Government will carry on until then, anyway. By that time so many financial problems will have piled up that no one can say what will happen. A mass of difficult questions has, in fact, remained unresolved. Amongst them is the French textile crisis, on which there was a long but inconclusive debate shortly before the adjournment of Parliament. The French textile industry employs normally 600,000 persons; and although the official number of unemployed is not yet high, between 40 and 50 per cent. of textile workers work short hours—sometimes so short that it is almost like complete unemployment. In the great textile towns of the Nord, industrial activity has declined by 45 per cent. in the last eight months and several mills have closed down. In the Vosges, 46 per cent. of textile workers are partially or wholly unemployed; in Alsace as many as two-thirds, and in the Tarn, in the South of France, 80 per cent. At Lyon the output of rayon has dropped 25 per cent. in the last four months, and that of silk 50 per cent., and the exports of both have fallen by one-third.

Apart from being "part of a world phenomenon," the French textile crisis was attributed in the debate to a number of specific causes. The Right objected to women being paid the same wages as men; various "European" arrangements, it was said, had led to German dumping both in France and in the French Empire at the expense of French industry; the dollar shortage had restricted the buying of American cotton, and had made it necessary to buy cotton dearly in Pakistan and elsewhere; coal was twice as dear in France as in Britain; and, under Marshall Aid and the Monnet Plan, little had been done for the re-equipment of the textile industry. Also, wholesalers and retailers had been deaf to Pinay's appeals for price cuts, and the home consumer was "sulking."

In the course of the debate, attention was also drawn to the "inhuman" unemployment relief, which is only 225 frs. (4s. 6d.) a day, and to the fact that no relief at all is given to the partially unemployed if they earn more than £4 a week. In short, it transpired from the debate that some 300,000 textile workers and their families are having a miserably thin time in France to-day.

WESTMINSTER

Set-backs to Denationalisation

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Government's decision to end the present session of Parliament immediately after the summer Recess is a substantial victory for the Opposition. It demonstrates the value of the skilful, determined and entirely legitimate campaign against the Government business carried on, not indeed by the leadership of the Labour Party, but a smallish group (by no means exclusively Bevanite) of active and ingenious backbenchers. For the session is ending with the major parts of the programme outlined in the King's Speech left undone. Steel and transport denationalisation and further legislation against monopolies have all got to take their place in the queue for the new session: all featured prominently in the Government's election programme and the King's Speech: all have been deferred in the face of public opposition or crowded out in the congestion which has followed from the inept arrangement of Government business.

The Transport Bill must find itself the first and biggest item in the next session. Allowing for next year's Finance Bill, for the mass of minor business which is essential in any session and for Mr. Churchill's desire for an interlude of patriotic harmony at the time of the Coronation, it may be questioned whether room will be found for Steel before the session of 1953-54. The fact is that the Ministers have found the problem of steel a good deal more complicated than it appeared in the good old days of the Labour Government. It is true that both a White Paper and a Bill have been for some time in print; but some Ministers are very uncertain about the advisability of launching them at present. The steel industry, which at one time thought anything was better than nationalisation by Mr. Strauss, is now having further thoughts about denationalisation by Mr. Sandys and has not been afraid to look his gift horse in the mouth. After the disastrous reception accorded to its improvisations on transport the Government is understandably doubtful whether it or the steel industry can stand another such rough handling, especially so soon after the bitter fights of 1950 and 1951. Ministers are thought to be reaching a decision in the immediate future whether or not to publish the White Paper. If they should come to the conclusion that their followers are sufficiently occupied for the moment with the tough meal of transport which has just been tossed them and that further deferment is a political possibility, it is worth noting that the inevitable congestion of next year's session will give the Government an excellent opportunity for yet another postponement, of which they might gladly take advantage. If, on the other hand, they decide, as must be conventionally expected, to go ahead, the Opposition has a first-class chance in the relatively short Parliamentary time between now and the Coronation of handling its business in such a way that the Government will have the greatest difficulty in securing either of its de-nationalisation measures.

Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde?

MR. BUTLER, alarmed, no doubt, by the sagging export figures in the June trade returns, is redoubling his efforts to induce the trade unions to accept patriotically a further period of wage restraint. His problem is that events are too intractable to conform to the imaginary world envisaged in Tory election propaganda.

The Chancellor's case is in a sense unanswerable. If wages rise without restraint, this country will certainly find itself, in the face of German and Japanese competition, priced out of some of its most important and hopeful export markets, at a time when the prices of raw materials, other than food, show signs of entering on a downward curve. But it is Mr. Butler himself, in his other capacity as one of the principal architects of Tory policy, who has furnished an equally ineluctable answer to his own unanswerable arguments. How can the organised industrial worker accept the pegging of his wage, when the drastic reduction of the food subsidies threatens a serious increase of family costs, even in a world of falling raw material prices?

According to Ministry of Food figures the cost-of-living index has already outstripped average wage rates by 6 points. Even if it is argued that average wage rates are not a fair indication of earnings, the trend is unmistakable. Moreover, it is equally true that increased food prices, bound to rise higher if the autumn subsidy cuts take effect, weigh far heavier in terms of working-class living standards than reductions in sheets, frocks and curtains. Trade union leaders realise very well that, however much they may be impressed by the logic of Mr. Butler's brief in the insulated atmosphere of Treasury press conferences, they cannot on this issue defy their rank-and-file without forfeiting their own positions.

A moderate round of wage increases, to compensate for the price rises of recent months, is inevitable. It is the inescapable price which has to be paid for Mr. Butler's Budget. Whether relative stability can at that point be achieved once again depends on Mr. Butler. Trade unionists are not fools; and there is a wide understanding that a race between wages and prices must end in disaster. But the conditions of stability do not come about fortuitously. They are created by Government policy and, in present circumstances, they depend more upon food prices than on any other factor. By cutting the subsidies the Chancellor has undermined the stability which the Labour Government had managed to achieve, and has made it impossible for the unions to give him the co-operation which, on other grounds, he feels entitled to demand.

The test of his wisdom is whether he will now reverse this policy. He has already made a substantial and costly concession by deferring many of the subsidy cuts to the autumn. Let him now say that he will defer them indefinitely. If he does, he will be abandoning a part of his policy which was always irrelevant to his problems as Chancellor, which has been demonstrated as unworkable, and to which he himself must already regret having been driven. In return, we believe he would be justified in expecting the unions to use all their influence against an unplanned scramble for increased wages, just when there is some chance that existing wages could be made more valuable.

The Witness

INFORMERS are usually regarded as a detestable product of the Roman Empire, the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany. Yet they flourish in many countries to-day, including, strangely enough, the democratic United States. They are of many types, and there are many motives for delation. To have been a Communist, and to have served the Soviet Union and to have turned against it, are, in themselves, passwords to fame and fortune. Announce that you have repented and are prepared to reveal the horrors of Communism, and a swarm of journalists will be on your doorstep in the morning, lucrative invitations will reach you from the glossier magazines, and the F.B.I. will seek your co-operation in rooting out spies and traitors. Your past sins will be forgiven; safe from prison yourself, you may play your part in destroying your old friends. No wonder that thoughtful people tend, on principle, to dismiss the testimony of informers, while the massed public, credulous and hungry for sensation, gloats over revelations which may well contain a measure of truth, but which are almost certainly influenced by the popular demand for *autos da fé*. In such a situation it is indeed difficult to assess the value of any particular testimony. The fact that greed, fear, political partisanship and personal malice are motives for delation does not prove that some informers are not inspired by genuine patriotism, or a desire to atone for disloyalty of which they now repent.

In the seedy ranks of ex-Communist informers, Whittaker Chambers stands in a class by himself. He was a Communist spy who decided, he tells us, in much anguish and conflict of mind, to repudiate his former Communist faith, and to enter wholly into a life dedicated to God and anti-Communism. The public knows him as the man whose evidence convicted Alger Hiss, and the bizarre story of his upbringing, his activities as a spy, his work as one of the chief editors of *Time* magazine, and his long duel with Hiss, has recently been told in a long, effective, and often brilliantly written autobiography entitled *Witness*. Thousands now regard him as a kind of saint; the greater the sin, the more abject and complete the confession, the more holy the penitent. Others point to the less satisfactory aspects of his book; to its often false pathos, its undoubted cunning, to the gaps which a careful reader may notice in the confession. He refers with bitter resentment to suggestions by the supporters of Hiss that he may not always have been mentally stable—a suggestion which should surprise no one in view of the fact that Chambers himself reveals that he more than once contemplated suicide and at least once attempted it. Indeed he was brought up in a home where, as a child, he found it comforting to take a knife to bed with him, while his mother took an axe. His father and grandfather were drunkards and his grandmother lived in a locked room, sometimes trying to set the house on fire, and at others emerging to attempt murder.

For myself, I find the literary skill of Mr. Chambers more than offset by his sentimentality and self-pity. He tries throughout to present himself as a lonely and persecuted figure who, until near the end of the ordeal of the Hiss trial, was friendless, lacking financial and moral support. Loneliness is a state of mind, and I would not question Chambers's claim to courage and independence. But his picture of himself as a lonely and persecuted figure is scarcely consistent with his backing by one of America's greatest publishing houses, whose timely generosity he gratefully acknowledges, or with the fact that the Congressional Committee, which heard his case against Hiss, was, like the F.B.I., delighted to discover so valuable a political ally.

The main importance of Chambers's book is that it attempts to raise the whole issue between himself and Hiss beyond its personal and its immediate political level. Mr. Chambers presents himself as a "witness"; not, he explains, a police witness in a trial, but a witness in the sense of a martyr—one who is prepared to die for a principle. Here, he suggests, is the battle between good and evil: Chambers the Witness for Heaven; Hiss appearing for the Lord of Hell. Chambers, as befits a convert to Christianity, is careful often to speak affectionately of his enemy. The discerning reader, however, will notice that he was bitterly jealous of Hiss. Love and hatred contend in every reference to the Hiss household.

Early in the book Chambers tells us that once he was told by his mother to kill a chicken. It was only after the most profound conflict that he became, as he says, the family butcher. "Something in me, the deepest thing that makes me what I am, knows that it is wrong to kill anything. But there is something else—a necessity—which forces me to kill." He killed, he explains, whenever he had to, but always with a sense of guilt. This ambivalence is to be found throughout in his relations with Hiss. The role of informer, of killer, horrifies him. But there was something inside him which compelled him to go through with it. He hates himself, his victim and the society which has conditioned them both.

To satisfy his conscience Chambers is compelled wildly to exaggerate the influence of Hiss and of Communism in the United States. He explains that lack of hope in the future of capitalism may well lead other men, as it led him, into becoming an agent for the Soviet Union. Indeed, he suggests that this is the logical end for any courageous man who follows reason alone. He then describes Washington before and during the war as run by Communists and fellow-travellers. This part of the book will be, of course, most useful to MacCarthyites, who will love to read that "all the New Dealers I had known were Communists or near-Communists." Chambers even suggests that the triumph of Communism in China was really due to the help of Washington Communists. He thinks that the concessions to the Soviet Union at Yalta and San Francisco were due to the presence of Hiss on these occasions.

Men of Chambers's temperament desire a cause to which they can wholly submit themselves. Any authoritative religion, Communism or another, will serve. Chambers worked with courage and devotion for Stalin. He left the Communist Party, if we may believe him, for good reasons: because of the cruelty and ruthlessness of the organisation; because of the absurdities of the purges by which to-day's triumphant informers and inquisitors become to-morrow's traitors in an unending series. Having thrown aside this evil religion, Chambers substitutes a God who has much in common with Stalin. He tells us, in a remarkable passage, that Communists are outside

the human race. Although as a Christian he tells us that there is always a hope of salvation and repentance even for a Communist, he also says that in the struggle loosed upon mankind by Communists, every man is absolved "from the bonds of common humanity with that breed," and that it is "a pious act for him to raise his hand in any way against them." Does a man as astute as Chambers really not see that he is here again committing the sin of which he now repents? He describes a man who leaves the Communist Party because in Russia he hears screams; because of concentration camps; because of intolerance and brutality. Chambers is not so simple a man that he can think that Russia has a monopoly of cruelty and diabolism. Spain is a very religious country, but those who listen can hear screams from Madrid, even though they may be muffled by diplomatic convenience or military necessity.

I wonder, too, whether Chambers happened to read a recent account in *Colliers*—I choose this example because he may buy the magazine at any bookstall—in which a doctor describes the system of torture used against political prisoners—perhaps Communists—by Perón's secret police? The worst enemies of the U.S.S.R. allege nothing more horrible than these revelations of the Catholic Argentine. If Chambers is an honest man, can he really believe that the Church in the world to-day is a safeguard against oppression, sadism, and the screams of the tortured heard in the night? And as a Quaker who believes that right and wrong are not to be tested by considerations of expediency, I cannot see how Chambers can escape the necessity of pacificism and the repudiation not only of Soviet philosophy, but also of that professed in Christian countries. He argues that the evil of killing is the violence "committed against the soul—the soul of the murderer as well as the murdered," and he quotes a conversation between Lady Astor and Stalin.

> "How long are you going to keep on killing people?" Lady Astor would ask Stalin brightly. "As long as it is necessary," he answered, and asked in turn: "How many people were killed in the First World War? You killed that many people for nothing," he had added, "and you blame us for killing a handful for the most promising social experiment in history?"

Chambers' comment is "In terms of the modern mind, which excludes from its reasoning the undemonstrable fact of God, Stalin's answer was unanswerable. It could only be answered by another question: 'And man's soul?'" But what answer is that to Stalin's question?

Only gradually does the reader appreciate the enormity of the thesis which is put forward by Whittaker Chambers. The world is divided into Good and Evil; reason, as understood since the Renaissance, leads a man logically step by step through liberalism to Communism, and Communism is the final evil. Against this, the system of the Devil, God fights, and the world will only be saved, even if it be physically destroyed, by the men of God. Thus, all the people we call liberals, and, above all, intellectuals, are enemies of society. They are men less courageous than Hiss, because they stop short of surrender to the Devil and try to improve society by reason and compromise, though this a society which can, in fact, only be improved by acceptance of the mystical ways of God. There are passages in which Chambers' hatred of intellectuals recalls to mind the famous remark of the Nazi leader who said that every time he heard the word "culture" he felt for his revolver.

In short, Chambers appeals to that disappointed strata of society which hates, as he makes it clear that he hates, all those of established reputation; those who have any claims to authority as a result of privilege; a university training denied to him, or opportunity due to birth or money. Such men drift into Communist or Fascist parties in many countries. At the root of Chambers is hatred and bitter envy of a man like Hiss, once his friend. The jealousy and hatred that well up within him must not be directed consciously against Hiss, but concentrated, as Communist hatred is directed, against the established order. Hiss must be a symbol, the representative of evil men, liberals, intellectuals, New Dealers, graduates of the Harvard Law School. These are the unconscious allies of Communism, servants of the Devil. Many of those who fear Communism but have also learnt to hate the existing order will find here aid and comfort. Whittaker Chambers is not any kind of Hitler, but *Witness* has much in common with *Mein Kampf*.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A Spanish Trial

(The author of this article, who is a member of the English Bar, attended the recent trial of twenty-seven Spanish anti-Fascists on behalf of the Society of Labour Lawyers and the International Brigade Association. He was accompanied by an interpreter.)

A POLITICAL trial is a disturbing experience for the observer. In an ordinary criminal trial one feels little sympathy for the murderer or thief, and can make an objective assessment of the justice or otherwise of the trial. But in a political trial one cannot stop at assessment of the court procedure, for the justice or injustice usually lies in the law itself; and a broader judgment, much more subjective, is necessary. And whatever one's own political views, it is impossible to suppress all sympathy for the person whose real offence is only to think freely and to oppose an established order. In Spain one's sympathy is that much greater because there is everything to oppose.

In Barcelona a fortnight ago, 27 Spaniards were tried, convicted and (all save four) sentenced. Their offence was that of "military rebellion," which is committed, says the decree-law of 1943, by those who "put out false or tendentious reports . . . or hold meetings, conferences or demonstrations . . . with the aim of causing internal public disorder, international conflicts or the bringing into disrepute of the State, Army or Authorities." This all-embracing net which is spread over the Iberian peninsula chanced to catch in its toils in the summer of 1951 the 26 men and one woman now brought handcuffed to the massive Military Government building in Barcelona for trial by court-martial.

It was not a ceremonious occasion. The prisoners, rubbing their wrists, now free, and whispering amongst themselves, were seated in a block in the centre of the court. Above them on a raised bench sat the five uniformed Army officers who composed the Court. The observers—a Frenchman, an Italian, two Belgians and myself—together with British, French and American consular officers, got out their notebooks. Then came a rather moving event—the "public" were admitted, the wives, sweethearts, sisters and mothers of the prisoners. They poured into the courtroom like a wave, filling in an instant the standing space reserved for them at the ~~rear~~ of the court, and there stood packed tightly, straining on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of their menfolk, waving, blowing kisses and calling names in a court whisper. The prisoners turned in their seats and responded. And throughout the four hours of that hot morning session, and again next day, that packed mass of loyal humanity stood listening to the drone of legal voices, their eyes fixed on their men. To them our presence, as foreign observers, meant much.

The facts of the case were not in dispute. They were recited by a gum-chewing uniformed Prosecutor, who lolled on his raised dais in a kind of brutal nonchalance. Lopez Raimundo and several other of the leading prisoners, all with Republican "records," were Communists who had returned to Spain in 1948-9 and had re-formed the United Socialist Party of Catalonia, a "popular front" organisation, among whose activities were the printing and distribution of underground newspapers and propaganda, mostly, but not all, Communist in outlook, and all opposed to the Franco regime. Much of it was connected with the Barcelona strikes of March and May, 1951, in which the prisoners had taken part. The other prisoners, not all of whom were Communists, had participated in these activities in greater or less degree. These facts the prisoners themselves confirmed to the court in essentials as their turn came to speak.

The defence, ably and vigorously conducted though it was by lawyers of the prisoners' own choosing, had little chance in the face of these facts and the sweeping nature of the law. Still, one after the other, the eight defence lawyers bravely fired their arrows at the sun. The court had no jurisdiction, they said, because the law of 1943 had been implicitly repealed by the introduction of a civil Penal Code in 1945: the facts did not constitute the offence: the real cause of the trouble was the economic sufferings of Spain. Moreover—and this was an important point in relation to the scale of penalties applicable—there had been no incitement to violence or acts of terrorism, an assertion which the prosecution did not seriously challenge.

The trial was over. The relatives left, we exchanged a few words with the prisoners, and returned to our hotels. Twenty-four hours later the sentences were announced and, with them, came the first mention which the Spanish press had made of this trial. Instead of the expected twenty years which the prosecution had been asking for Raimundo, a maximum sentence of four years was imposed on him and three others. The remaining prisoners got sentences of three years or less, and four were acquitted. In fact, we were given to understand, this meant immediate release for twenty-three of the prisoners, and release in a matter of months for Raimundo and the three with four-year sentences, a result reached by taking into account the year which they had spent in prison awaiting trial, and the two-year amnesty granted to mark the recent Eucharistic Congress, together with normal periods of remission of sentence. It is hard not to see in this surprising and encouraging result some sort of a triumph for the widespread international interest in the trial. The fact is that Franco, with an eye to the dollars and admission to the U.N., is extremely susceptible to foreign opinion at the moment. And Raimundo's freedom was a small price to pay.

What of the fact that some of these men were Communists? Should we on those grounds stand aloof from such trials? I think not. It may be that freedom of speech is no greater behind the iron curtain—that is another problem. These men were not being tried for their Communism—a political crime against which there is in any case a separate law in force in Spain—but for their opposition to Franco. And behind them stand the mute sufferings of the Spanish people, to which they gave a momentary voice. That voice must not go unheard among Socialists in Britain, whenever it sounds.

DAVID WIDDICOMBE

London Diary

I DON'T know who are the sillier—the people who want to indict the Dean for treason or those who assume that any Communist propaganda that he reproduces must be true. Several people who used to have logical faculties have written asking how I could both believe that there should be an inquiry into germ warfare and also laugh at the Dean's gullibility. It is because I believe there should be an inquiry that I am angry with the Dean for turning the whole thing into ridicule. Obviously as long as the Powers continue to research into bacteriological warfare (U.S. experts have recently boasted of progress in this branch of horror) there is always the chance that some or other special service group might make a limited experiment in weather conditions which precluded a full-scale bacteriological attack; clearly, if this chance existed, it should be investigated. That is the opposite of the Dean's point of view, which is simple acceptance of whatever Communists tell him. Some people talk as if he were a lonely figure fighting for the truth against a hostile world. Actually he is the one Englishman who is universally feted and flattered throughout the entire Communist world where he is regarded as the only great and honourable member of the British bourgeoisie. The tragedy to my mind is that he does not use this unique and happy position to tell the Chinese that the hate propaganda now spread from Peking is not likely to promote peace, and he therefore forfeits confidence when he tells the West wholesome truths about Communism as a liberating factor in Asia. As it is he has done the maximum harm to the cause of peace, for people who can't believe what he said about germ warfare will also disbelieve what he says about the positive achievements of Mao Tse-tung. If he had wanted to do propaganda for MacArthur, he could not have spoken fairer. The odd thing is that people who used to be proud of seeing through Western atrocity propaganda are to-day the very people who at once believe every word when it comes from a Communist.

* * *

The new High Commissioner for India has a distinguished record of ten years' service as Chief Minister of Bombay—two years from 1937-1939 and eight years from 1944-1952 with the usual Congress interval of honourable prison in between. He is a disciple of Gandhi, a good liberal and an anti-Communalist. It will come natural to him to work for the tolerant and secular State that has always been Nehru's vision of the future India. Nor will he at all easily fall a victim to those Western propagandists who are foolishly trying to make India discard her neutral foreign policy. By maintaining it, India is now the only Power that is able to negotiate between East and West, to talk freely to Peking, Moscow, Washington and London. One of Nehru's greatest achievements is to have maintained this position, and his representative in London is an essential link in the chain. He must keep on closest terms with both Government and Opposition, but he must always remember that the real friends of India in this country have come from the ranks of the Labour Party. He will not forget that if Churchill had been in office in 1945, India would have won her independence, if at all, at the cost of a ghastly war similar to, but many times greater than, the war that the Viet Minh have been compelled to fight against the French.

* * *

No one who knows either Sheik Abdullah or Pandit Nehru could suggest, as a usually well-informed newspaper did the other day, that they had quarrelled, and that, as a result of Abdullah's activities, Pakistan and India might unite against him! Abdullah does not in fact take important political steps in Kashmir without Nehru's, at least tacit, approval. There are Indians who objected to Abdullah's summary dispossession of the Kashmir landlords, but Nehru was certainly not amongst the objectors. Nor has the Indian Premier been opposed to Abdullah's policy of limited accession to India, which makes it impossible for big Indian business men to penetrate and exploit the Vale of Kashmir. As for Sir Hari Singh, the discredited and exiled Maharajah, no liberally minded Congressman, let alone Nehru, would want him restored to his throne or feel any sense of outrage at the proposal to abolish his royal line. If there is any tension between Nehru and Abdullah, it arises, not from disagreement about policy but from the embarassment that Abdullah's careless speech must sometimes cause those who hold responsibility in Delhi. And Nehru cannot forget the communal repercussions for instance of dispossessing a Princely line. More awkward still, Nehru must think internationally, and Kashmir has become an international problem. Abdullah's horizon is strictly limited to Kashmir.

* * *

The Russian abduction of Dr. Linse, the economic chief of the Free Jurists in West Berlin, has turned attention to the only really effective focus of anti-Communist activity east of the Iron Curtain. A friend of mine, who recently spent a couple of days studying its work, tells me that when you visit the headquarters in Dahlem, you imagine that you are entering a comfortable suburban villa. Once inside, you find yourself in a hive of Teutonic administrative efficiency. Every bedroom, bathroom and attic has been turned into cubicles where up to eighteen investigators are interrogating the hundreds of Germans who visit the house each day from all over the Eastern Zone. Sometimes the inquiry may be merely the kind of thing an M.P. here deals with in his "surgery" (how to apply for an old age pension, or how to avoid eviction by an awkward landlord). But more frequently it concerns some problem of factory organisation, or administrative co-operation, or imprisonment in Soviet concentration camps. From these thousands of interviews, the Free Jurists have amassed an unrivalled knowledge of conditions in the Eastern Zone, including, as my friend saw for himself, a massive card index giving details of the private and public lives of all the German Communist officials, and the civil servants and business men who are collaborating with the Russians. This summer, for instance, an open letter was distributed by leaflet and read on the radio. It was addressed to one burgomaster who was terrorising his fellow citizens, threatening to expose him unless he toed the line. It produced confidential communications from no fewer than 113 burgomasters, all eager to assure the Free Jurists that their records were clear. The Communists kidnapped Dr. Linse because he was effective.

* * *

I am glad that Lord Hailey, in his contribution to the series on "Partnership in Africa" which the B.B.C. is now conducting, has come down on the side of those who are against the present proposals for Central African federation. The more one learns of the matter, the clearer and stronger becomes the case for opposition. Talk of "partnership" by White settlers seems to be no more than hypocrisy at the best, and sheer dishonesty at the worst. The latest evidence should interest Jim Griffiths especially, for it was he, while Colonial Secretary, who gave personal encouragement to African trade unions in Northern Rhodesia. I now hear that the Northern Rhodesian Government has quite changed its attitude towards these trade unions, and the newly appointed Trade Union Officer is to be stationed not on the Copper Belt, where the unions are strongest, but in distant Lusaka, the administrative headquarters. A definite step backwards.

* * *

"Call him Smith or Robinson, my boy; it's the only safe way." This is the usual advice from the old hand to the young author who wants to find a name for a disagreeable character, and has not dared since the Blennerhassett and Artemus Jones cases, to risk the Dickens' method of calling the sadistic schoolmaster Wackford Squeers, or the slimy villain Uriah Heep. Most authors and editors could tell some odd stories about the problem of suiting the name to the character or profession. This journal once received a solemn letter from a lawyer threatening an action because his client Dr. Bolus (a name we chose because the word means a "horse pill") had been defamed in a comic competition. I hope the new libel law will really safeguard us against this affliction. But the snags are real. The most dangerous thing is deliberately to invent a name which, because of its extreme appropriateness, you assume no one could actually have. From a bus top I noticed, the other day, the superb name of Horne and Tarahooty. It is still safer to stick to Smith and Smith.

CRITIC

DEEDS THAT LOSE THE EMPIRE

The exclusive Lake Club has refused to allow its rooms to be used for a dinner at which the Sultan of Selangor would have been a guest.—*News Item.*

The British Club will not receive
The Sultan of Selangor.
The Sahibs' unwritten law is strong
And Asiatics just don't belong
In the Archipelago, and Hongkong,
Malaya and Singapore.

It's all very well for the lesser breeds
To fight in the jungle war—
Asians, Eurasians, yellow and brown,
Like Whites, are under the British Crown,
But club committees will not climb down
In Malaya and Singapore.

The Colonial Office and Government House
The colour-bar may deplore,
The High Commissioner may protest,
But East is East and West is West,
And clubs will welcome no Asian guest
In Malaya and Singapore.

Non-Europeans may enter there,
But not by the Members' door,
For East is East, and it gets a snub,
And West is West—and there's the rub—
Never the twain shall meet at the club
In Malaya and Singapore.

The map of the world, once painted red,
Is not so red as before.
India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon,
Asia, are going, going, gone!
And the Sahibs will soon be following on
From Malaya and Singapore.

Who makes the sun of our Empire set,
To rise again no more?
It's not the terrorist bandit troops,
It's not subversive political groups,
It's the stuffed-shirts, fossils and nincompoops
In Malaya and Singapore.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Tories as well as Socialists should question the wisdom of granting to the three-year-old Prince Charles an income of £10,000 a year. It is never good for a young boy to have too much money to spend.—*Daily Express.* (M. M. Howie.)

. . . We still are Government-controlled and have just an itsy-bitsy net frill at the hems in place of the deep nylon-lace flounces that all the other nations have.—*The Lady.* (Edith Simpson.)

First prize winner in the humorous tableaux section was Moorswater Institute's Kojc Island prisoner-of-war compound.—*Western Morning News.* (Grahame Weinheer.)

. . . Commenting on the long hot-weather waiting lists for pluckings and clippings at London's dog "beauty parlours," a West End vet said yesterday: "Don't have too much hair taken off your dogs—it gives them an inferiority complex when they meet other dogs."—*Daily Mirror.* (J. G. Overton.)

Cows Cross Road—Two Fined.—Headline in *Daily Mail.* (F. Saltfleet.)

Tunisian Tangle

II.—From Negotiation to Toughness

When the Chenik Government was formed in 1950, and was allowed for the first time to include in it a leading member of the Neo-Destour, M. Ben Youssef—who has since escaped to Egypt—the French Government was ostensibly in favour of granting Tunisia "internal autonomy" by degrees. M. Schuman in particular had made speeches about Tunisia's "march towards independence"—speeches which to-day are at the origin of the acute detestation from which the Foreign Minister suffers amongst all the French in Tunisia. In February, 1951, a number of reforms were agreed to by the French Government; but these were consistently sabotaged by the French on the spot. The Tunisian crisis came to a head at the end of 1951. Then, with their famous Note of December 15, drawn up by the Quai d'Orsay under the influence of Senator Colonna (representing the French in Tunisia) the French Government virtually put an end to all negotiations on the basis of "internal autonomy." Although the actual phrase does not figure in the Note, it was generally interpreted to mean that the French were now determined to perpetuate the present "co-sovereignty."

What the French Note of December 15 rejected in fact were the demands made by the Chenik Government on October 31. These were:

(1) The formation of a homogeneously Tunisian Government, the Tunisian Ministers using, "as long as necessary," the services of French technicians.

(2) The formation of a Tunisian Legislative Assembly which would be "truly representative." During the transition period laws would be passed, not by the Assembly but by the Government; the Assembly would, however, have the right to amend.

(3) The French officials in Tunisia would retain their present jobs, but no new French officials would be recruited.

The Chenik Note added that once "internal autonomy" had been established, there was no reason why special agreements should not be made with France maintaining France's "cultural, economic and strategic" position in Tunisia.

M. Chenik proposed, in conclusion, the setting up of a joint Franco-Tunisian Commission which would elaborate these reforms and the establishment of "genuine home rule" in Tunisia.

In Tunisia, the Nationalists reacted violently to the rejection of these demands. There were strikes, clashes, and some bloodshed; but what brought matters really to a head was the decision of Chenik, largely, it is said, under strong pressure from Bourguiba, to appeal to U.N. On January 13, while a "tough" new Resident-General, M. de Hauteclocque, was arriving at Tunis, amid a great display of military and naval power, two members of the Chenik Government, Badra and Ben Youssef, were on their way to the U.N. Assembly, then still sitting in Paris.

The French Government took this very badly, and declared it to be completely out of order. Bourguiba, meantime, was becoming more and more violent in his speeches and, after some rioting had broken out at Bizerta—all this agitation was presumably intended to make a big impression at the U.N.—Bourguiba was arrested on January 18 and the Congress of the Neo-Destour, which was to be held that week, was prohibited. Further rioting that broke out in the Cap Bon area led to a "mopping-up"—in reality a particularly ugly punitive operation under the command of the French Commander-in-Chief in Tunisia, General Garbay, notorious for his past exploits in the "pacification" of Madagascar in 1947. The Foreign Legion distinguished itself by its great savagery. This, and much else, thoroughly poisoned the atmosphere in Tunisia, and the climax was reached on March 26, when the French authorities simply arrested M. Chenik and three other Tunisian Ministers, and exiled them to the South. It took nearly a fortnight for the new Prime Minister, M. Salaheddine Baccouche, to concoct a Cabinet of sorts, composed chiefly of *cads* and other "administrators". Chenik's dismissal and Baccouche's appointment were accepted by the Bey under duress.

For several months an 8 o'clock curfew was imposed in Tunis itself, due largely to the state of agitation existing among a large part of the Moslem population, and to the numerous cases of bomb-throwing, the worst case being that of the Tunis central post-office, where a number of people were killed. Both before and after the arrest of Chenik, there was much unrest in the primary and especially secondary schools, like the all-Moslem Collège Sadiki, as well as in secondary schools at Sousse and elsewhere; there were numerous anti-French demonstrations, strikes, and even some broken windows. M. Lucien Paye, the Director of Education, wouldn't stand for any such nonsense. The Collège Sadiki was closed for two days, in the course of which a large proportion of the *internes* (i.e., resident pupils) were simply thrown into the street. Chenik appealed for an amnesty, but the most M. Paye conceded was that the expelled pupils were free to apply for admission to other schools. Since all schools are hopelessly overcrowded, with interminable waiting-lists, this "concession" was only adding insult to injury. The French argument is that these rigorous measures had to be taken to allow the schools to carry on at all; the Tunisians, on the other hand, saw in this "purge" a definite new policy to deny education to all Tunisians other than *beni-oui-oui* ("yes-men") elements.

It is impossible to state the exact number of arrests and deportations carried out since the beginning of what are called *les événements*. The French talk of 900 persons who are "in camps." Discounting the more fantastic figures I have heard quoted by Tunisians, responsible Tunisian leaders claim that of the 20,000 people arrested since the beginning of the year, between six and eight thousand are still under arrest, either in camps, or in prisons, police stations and *gendarmeries*. The conditions in Tunis prison, which is said to have three or four times as many inmates as it can normally hold, are stated to be particularly appalling in this hot weather.

While the French deny all horrors and atrocities, they claim that "it was essential to be firm, as the situation was getting completely out of hand"—and they make much, of course, of the bomb-throwing. How important the Tunisian terrorist organisation is, is hard to say; although three or four bombs are thrown daily, most of them are of the "sardine-tin" variety, and seldom cause serious damage or loss of life. Although said to be subsidised by important Tunisians, the terrorism seems, for the present, more in the nature of a "warning." More significant of the mood in the country is the "terrorism" practised by small children who stone European cars. On the other hand, there have also been clear cases of French "counter-terrorism," bombs having been thrown into Moslem shops, presumably by pioneers of a mysterious organisation called the Red Hand—whose slogan is "French Tunisia Forever." In their leaflets they explain that the Hand is "red with the blood of the enemies of France."

So far this also seems relatively small stuff. In fact, during a whole fortnight I have now spent in Tunis, I have not heard a single bomb—either French or Tunisian—go off. There is at present a lull here. The curfew was raised at the beginning of Ramadan—the Moslem Lent—at the end of May, and there have not been enough serious incidents to warrant its reimposition. Perhaps, as the French claim, their "firm hand" has had some effect; but it is more likely that the Tunisians are simply waiting—waiting to see what the new French proposals (no longer "negotiated," but merely "laid down") will produce; and waiting also for that "quasi-general" amnesty which, the French say, will be proclaimed if the Bey accepts the new reforms. Their main features are:

(1) The acceptance by France of the principle of "a gradual progress towards internal autonomy," leaving defence and foreign affairs to France.

(2) The rejection by France of a homogeneously Tunisian Government, but her acceptance of the appointment of Tunisian assistants to Ministers.

(3) The formation of a joint administrative tribunal which would "protect individuals against administrative irregularities."

(4) In principle, only Tunisians may be recruited for the civil service, but the present French functionaries retain their posts, and certain posts, to be specified by Beylical decree, are to be reserved for French persons. For higher posts examinations are to be passed in French.

(5) The Bey is to remain the supreme law-giver, and no parliament is to be allowed before the creation of duly elected local assemblies; but there are to be two advisory councils, one of thirty members, all Tunisians, the other a joint Franco-Tunisian financial council.

(6) Local assemblies are to be elected by both Frenchmen and Tunisians; these assemblies are to "familiarise" the Tunisians with the machinery of voting and the functioning of democracy.

(7) Experience will show how soon Tunisia will be ripe for the next stage of self-government, and no time-limit can be fixed.

Just as, in Paris, neither the Right nor the Left considered this programme acceptable, so in Tunis the local French have denounced it as excessive, while already on June 22 a Tunisian deputation, representing various Tunisian parties and organisations—doctors, lawyers, etc.—were received by the Bey, whom they asked to reject the plan as totally inadequate. Dr. Mokaddem, the representative of the Neo-Destour on this deputation, assured me that the Bey has "fully agreed" with them. The more optimistic amongst the French officials think that things will "sort themselves out, all the same—through the Bey accepting, and the Tunisian nationalists saying that he has been *forced* to accept." But it may not be so simple. As for M. Baccouche—well, he told me that it was better than nothing, and that once these reforms had been accepted, Tunisia could

eventually "ask for more," whereas if nothing was agreed upon, things would go from bad to worse.

Oh, that office of M. Baccouche's! It wasn't an office—it was the Arabian Nights with a vengeance, in Technicolor. He received me at the 18th-century Palace of Dar El Bey; in the Moorish "waiting room" fezzed gentlemen were not sitting or standing, but reclining on couches; one almost expected a gong to be struck, and the magic doors to fly open and to let in a swarm of Matisse-like odalisques. M. Baccouche, wearing a gorgeous white robe, to which was pinned the rosette of the Legion of Honour, addressed me in almost perfect English. One of the richest men in Tunisia, and said to be the chief shareholder of the Tunisian branch of Coca Cola, M. Baccouche was extremely charming. He talked about London, which he had first visited as a youngster in 1906; he said he loved hansom cabs, and asked if the Cecil Hotel was still standing; and he told me all about Miss Gandon, the governess who had been in his family for years and had taught him and his sisters English. And he said how greatly he admired Mr. Churchill, and also General de Gaulle, and how marvellous the British were during the war. . . . Throughout, there was an amused twinkle in his eye, which suggested that he was rather inclined to treat the magic setting of the Dar El Bey, and British correspondents, and his French masters, and even himself as being all part of one rich, huge joke.

Tunis, July. ALEXANDER WERTH

Nostalgia di Maltby

ONE feels nostalgia for the past . . . for any past, especially when it is not yet the past. "I'm going to miss this place." I am going to miss Maltby, as I see it now—the Nissen huts flanking the cement drive, the dry-as-dust flower-beds, dug and re-dug, where the wallflowers have long gone to seed and a few pinks struggle against the brick, the slope of trees across the road, just slightly overlaid with grime, a hut window sporting a purple shirt hung out to dry, the sound of someone spitting idly in the background and of a guitar being twanged tinnily in the foreground, the special evening smell of freshness and dew and soot, the ones and twos of men, shaven at last now it is evening, who saunter by and for the life of them cannot pass without a greeting or offer to bear me company or yet one more demand for help—I am going to miss Maltby, where the Italians halted on their way to the mines, and were turned back.

There has been so much opportunity here, during the past six months, as they say, to give oneself. We were enrolled nominally to give the men five hundred words of Basic English. This, we understood, was what the miners had asked for. They did not want men working beside them whose lack of English might make dangerous work more dangerous. I am going to miss my handbook, from which I have never been parted for an instant, and John and Mary Smith, its protagonists, who put their hats on their heads, and their trays on the table, and buy their clothing in a store and take tickets for Albuquerque, and with 8 verbs only and 482 well-chosen other words, can cover the whole range of British and American life. I am going to miss the gramophone which endlessly recited these experiences and the filmstrip which demonstrated them, and the oral lesson where, with Herculean endeavour, we strove to get something of what we had tried to impart back from the men.

I am going to miss calling the register, full of heavenly names like Alaimo, and Mauceri, and Canfarotta, whose splendid vowel sounds, sometimes three together, of their own accord constrained the voice to come out beautiful and strong. I am going to miss the Sardinians, with their clean looks and healthy colouring, and some from Foggia, Syracuse or Bari, with their anything-but-clean looks and healthy colouring. I am going to miss Braccio, who reminded me of Joe Gargery, and Fusaro, banging smartly on the window of the sick-bay to demand a visit, Tarrascone, with his head the exact replica of a rough Greek coin, and Sorbo, who was unteachable and a trouble-maker and of a peculiar innocence. . . .

It stays with me, as, again, they say. There has been so much of it, often so abominably much of it, one is bound to miss it as it recedes. I am going to miss nattering in Italian all day long, and in soliloquies, and my short essays in the Yorkshire tongue at meals. ("Stewed fruit, please." "With coostard, loov?" "No, no coostard, loov.") I am going to miss my mysterious colleagues, most of them (naturally enough, when one comes to think of it) refugees from life. I am going to miss the recaptured thrill of the cocoa-party sponsored by Mr. Partridge lately down from Oxford; I am going to miss my neighbours brushing their teeth and turning over in their beds at night. I shall miss the men's singing, so casual and beautiful all about the place; I shall miss sitting in a suffocating group while some soloist has at me like the Ancient Mariner, with eyes and voice and finger-tips; most, most thankfully, I am going to miss the most excruciating item in their repertoire, "*Mama.*" I am going to miss the roaring Babel of mealtimes, and the noise of feet dancing, and the ladies of the local village, in their drooping, cottony garments so unlike the usual run of ladies of the town.

When I return to it, the silence of my home, with neither guitar nor concertina, nor endless vociferation, will wrap me round like a caress; for a short while every plate and chair and picture will seem a miracle of beauty and taste. But soon I shall be conscious of a loss. I shall miss the varied feast of emotion of which quick hearts, quick wits and often damnable behaviour made me part; I shall miss that perfect lack of inhibition which restores, to one who can share it, a flash of the unburdened feeling of being a child.

ADA HARRISON

British Food

DREAD syllables: *food*, our bluntest four-letter word, with such associations as "Where do we eat?", "Think I'll go and have a bite," and "She's off her food (feed or grub)." What need, what possibility even, of qualifying it? Yet see how grimly and unassailably the adjective will shove in, till the whole phrase rises in all its eerie magnificence of wet lettuce, fish and bone and chips, buckskin omelette, paste sausage, blancmange, water-gravy, pea bullets, pink sponge and green stickfast, paper-thin slices of mutton, and rice mush—British Food! It was under a strange compulsion, therefore, that seeing the poster "British Food Fair: See—Sample—Taste—Try" I made my way to Olympia.

Civilisation was soon left behind. At Earl's Court a specially old and empty train crept in to take us privily to the doors. Others besides myself, a few—men with strong teeth and women with shopping bags—were entering the hall, which surprised by a nautical brightness, like Cowes on a fine day. The commissionaire sniffed. I sniffed. Steak and onions? No, wax, paint, and metal.

Food, however, was packed high and spread prettily in a luxuriance of tins, jars, bottles, cartons, cellophanes, boxes with windows, and boxes without. Many a bright picture on a tin could we feast upon. Here were deep-crimsoning, bulging tomatoes, here an old Highlander picked fish with his sword, here a pig's head smiled, here in Alpine meadows a dairymaid cradled an armful of produce. Windmills took the skyline, and puppets danced. And sometimes the eatables themselves, ingeniously dovetailed, were seen. This shining pyramid, lit from within, and displaying a few fairy-like threads in amber, is of marmalade jars. There are jigsaws of fruit salad, half-lobsters swathed in a lettuce leaf, biscuits and chocolates, yellow pickles, black relishes, pale shrimps. I should like, said I, to sample a half-lobster. But lobsters weren't forthcoming. A sausagette on a stick? My turn to frown. "Try," suggested a clear housewifely voice, "a nice cup of coffee!" Something was poured out of a bottle; hot water was added; milk topped it; and all I could taste was milk. "Quite so," I said. But the woman next to me, having exclaimed "Delicious!" was already buying the medium-sized bottle. She went on to a neighbouring stall where Welsh Rarebits in tiny 1s. 6d. cartons were selling briskly.

I looked at the customers—all women—and wondered. Were they managing at home on "one ring," and if so how could they afford the labour-saving price? Did they lack time, touch, taste, a husband, or what? An energy far greater than mine for prying open lids and screw tops they certainly possessed.

Elsewhere the curious were discovering Pepsi-cola at the correct temperature, examining the pastry concocted from bread and marge, and (I don't quite know what it was doing here) touring a gallery of the Queen's childhood in photographs. Real turtles, in a large hexagonal tank, flapped ceremoniously like the aldermen to whom they are devoted. A placard caught at me: "Ham and Tongue Together for the First Time!" For the first time? How many years had I gone on playing cricket for their sake? But a closer inspection revealed one of those cylindrical moulds whose only demerit is that every mouthful must taste exactly like the next; whereas, with tongue—ox-tongue—the delight is to stray from creamy bit to streaky, to vary the melting granularity of fat with firm toothable rind . . . but why labour it? Such sensualities are not of our time and place; in our meals, like the old *Criterion* writers, we strive always towards a synthesis. Spong or toham strikes the authentic note. A new T. L. Peacock should be busy inscribing the prandiologues that arise out of cocktail, tinned viand and frozen veg.

What philosophical diatribe, for example, or convivial song would greet the arrival of the

> "Baked Coconut Flavoured Semolina Pudding: 1 pint of milk, 1½ ozs. Three Graces Coconut Flavoured Semolina, 2-3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, ½ oz. margarine. Place the Three Graces Semolina . . ."?

I needn't go on. This recipe comes from the catalogue which describes itself as being also a cookery book. Lyrics such as the above will fascinate the food-ridden. I shouldn't choose, myself, except on a desert island, to live long by Olympia standards; in fact one of the rare dishes here that makes me look impatiently at the clock is Paella Valenciana offered by Stand 144, "Products of Spain." It and the Dutch exhibit, relegated very properly to a gallery among hardware, jewellery, disinfectants, and patent mincers, gives us our only, as it were, naked contact with Food.

Schweppshire Post, 1952

COMING OUT
in H.M.S. Schweppshire

Miss Fiona fffield, seen enjoying herself by the floodlit ha-ha in the grounds of Schwan House, is not the only one "just-out" present who can wear a diamond tiara and take a tumble on skis with equal grace.

Charity Matinee
AT THE SCHWEMBASSY THEATRE

INFORMAL EVENING
at Schwepstow Castle

US

Some of us will be breathing a sigh of relief now that to its close draws High Summer. What a month it has been for all of us. Dutiful at Lord's, wise at the Horse Show, and surprised, once again, in the Stewards' Enclosure, at the mad rush of Henley, belying the leafy peacefulness of the River—Death in the Afternoon! One longs, now, to relax in the friendlier, impromptu atmosphere of Goodwood and breathe the air, fresher of the sea, at Cowes. Yet how English it all is, how English we all are.

Deb's Diary

I arrived bright and early at the opening of the Schweperelli show. Among men—yes, men—present were my friend Jock "Bingle" Bog-Boggs, and Tony Schwepp-Schwepping-ham, with whom I chatted.

Schweptuagenarian SWIMS CHANNEL

Aunt of Peer's Secretary fed with Tonic Water and Gravy

SURPRISING INTERVIEW

When questioned, Mrs. Boss was understood to say that she "didn't enjoy it, feet very tired," and "needed strong spectacles for threading a needle". Lord Fairchild, interested in the race, said "Good going"

Well-known Dog Lovers to Wed

Sir Leonard Leg-Legge and his bride Miss Jones met through a mutual animal hobby. Yes, photographed below is *her* Urahan Setter, *his* Breton Half-shank Poodle.

ALPINE WEDDING

Johnny "Dalgardo" Phipps, once his hands are off the wheel of his Bentley, loves to scramble up the more fashionable peaks of the Piz Friuenfru. Guests applaud as his bride eagerly climbs Wedding Cake Mountain

WAGNERIAN WEDDING

BLANKNESSE-FURTHERMORE. Lady Furthermore's younger daughter, keen horsewoman yet fond of books, plans a music career. Train-bearers, Wagnerianly attired, piquantly completed the "Ring" theme.

SOUTHWARD BOUND

Lady Bruce Wince Wincester, off to Schwtschia

Miss Joan Crash, nineteenth cousin to the Earl of Schweppey, off to Schwischl

The Honorable Davina Crash, off to Aix-la-Schweppelle

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

What! Real cheeses, real eggs, real butter! Perhaps they aren't real, but they look it, and not frosty brightness but a warm smile stays the passer-by.

Desert island: of course, if we were Swiss Family Robinson, all the Olympia products could be washed ashore after us by the genius of shipwreck. And perhaps that's just what we are, desert-islanders with a patent can-opener, and our only alternative raw or British cookery.

Homeward bound, I missed my way and fell in with a tea-shop or café. It had been open, I suppose, since 8 a.m. serving the uninterrupted meal in which breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper were rolled into one. Now late lunchers were merging with early tea-timers, rock-salmon with crumble cake; urn-coffee, tea from the bag quelled any stomach that might take a wrong turn, and over all a calm indigestion reigned. Many, sitting in caps and hats and coats, seemed desperately ready—but for what? The look in their eyes—unless I'm much mistaken—said: *British food for the British; we can take it.* G. W. STONIER

In Andalusia

THE Englishman was small and pale, and the Irishman big and red. I stood at the bar between them. Actually, the Irishman was my father; but, for reasons of his own, I had to call him "Uncle" before his friends.

I had only just met the Englishman, and my "uncle" said to him: "Here's a friend of mine from Dublin."

"How do you do," said the Englishman, "Perkins is my name." Before I had time to tell him mine, my uncle said: "This is Dan, a friend of mine from Dublin."

Perkins took off his glasses and cleaned them, put them on again, and, looking at me, asked: "How d'you like Andalusia?"

"It's hard to say," I began, "I like it, and yet I'm shocked at all the poverty and the vice."

"My God, shocked! I don't mind telling you, I was damn well disappointed at it all."

My uncle had just finished his first glass of wine. After thirty years in Spain, he still had his Irish accent, even when he spoke Spanish. He put his hand on my shoulder, saying: "The most noblest race of people in the world is the Basque—but the most cutest, and artistic, is the Andaluse. Oh, they're very artistic. Have you seen the women?"

"The women," said Perkins, "the women, I hate to refer to the fair sex in this way but they're all like prostitutes to me." My side was punched by my uncle, and he whispered, while Perkins called for another drink, "Englishmen carry England in their pockets when they go abroad. To an Englishman, a good-looking woman is always a prostitute."

Perkins offered me a cigarette. "You be careful here unless you speak their lingo. They'll do you."

"It's more or less the same everywhere, isn't it?" I asked.

"Not in England."

"In Ireland it is."

"Oh yes," he said, "Ireland!" And he looked at us both as though we were strangers. Then he said quickly: "At least though, we all speak the same language, don't we?"

"*Brindo por Ud.*" said my uncle like a character from an O'Casey play. And after that drink, Perkins leaned against the counter and treated me as a friend, for he began talking about his wife. "She's a fluent Spanish speaker, and she speaks French too." ("A bloody big blonde horse," whispered my uncle.)

"She must be very intelligent," I said quickly.

"She is. Why she knows all about the history and folklore of Spain. She plays the guitar and sings Spanish songs."

"Flamenco?" I asked, and pictured a big English horse of a woman sitting with a guitar singing.

"Why not?" asked Perkins, and because I could think of nothing else to say, I repeated his remark . . . . "Why not?"

Suddenly, Perkins decided to include my uncle in the conversation. "You know Mrs. Conde from the hotel?"

"Sure," said my uncle, "very nice woman. A great heart she has."

Perkins coughed, and said to me: "She *was* an Englishwoman, but she married a Spaniard."

I looked interested, and Perkins went on, "She came to see us last night. . . .

"A great sport" interrupted uncle, "Ah, a very nice woman."

"It's terrible what's happened to her. I hope she damn well never visits us again," and Perkins banged down his glass.

My uncle stopped thinking of his own affairs, as had been his habit for years. Perkins went on talking. "She's damn well married a Spaniard, and has picked up their dirty ways."

"Ah now, don't be too hard on the poor woman."

"Hard on her? Why, she should be flogged through the streets."

Both uncle and myself were anxious to know the scandal. Perkins said something to himself which sounded like "and her British too," then he went on gravely: "We're all men of the world aren't we?" We nodded. "We don't need to put on any bloody airs of respectability?" I looked at my uncle, and he pretended my look wasn't there. "If there's one thing in the world I abominate, it's a person who uses a lavatory, and doesn't pull the chain after them."

Perkins mistook the meaning of the expressions on our faces. "I have *actual* proof," he said. "The servant was out, and my wife had been at her guitar, singing for us all evening."

"A nice bouquet for the singer," said my uncle and laughed, but Perkins was serious. "It's no joke. I judge a race by their lavatories, so you know what I think of Spain. If that woman ever comes to our house again . . . I'll damn well insult her."

My uncle ordered more drinks and a *tapa* of olives. He began talking about Spain, and referred to the Civil War as the "Movement." Listening to him, it was hard to know sometimes if he meant the 1916 Rising in Ireland, or Franco's Rebellion. "Now, before the Movement, a workman lived well in Spain, and could keep a wife and children on 5 pesetas a day. A glass of wine was for nothing at all, and *tapas* were free."

Perkins, about to take an olive from the dish, stopped, and said: "You must like it here, otherwise you'd not stay so long."

"I'll never leave it; but with Franco, it's all gone to hell."

I ventured to speak, but all I could say was that the noise was awful; Spaniards couldn't talk without shouting. Perkins agreed, but went on to explain to me: "We've got a girl, and I'm training her well. She's afraid of me. I say to her . . . NO NOISE . . . Don't shout . . . and she understands."

Uncle said to me: "When she gets too quiet, she'll be thinking. And one day they'll hear no sound from her at all, for she'll be gone—with as much stuff as she can decently rob. The Spaniard is only dangerous when he's silent."

"This girl's honest," said Perkins, "and she's religious."

"Good Jazus!" My uncle's face was ready to burst. . . . "Religious. Listen to me, religion is nothing to the Spaniard. Why they go to Mass in the same way as they'd go to a brothel. In Holy Week, when the statue of Our Lady goes through the streets, the men shout out prayers, but if a good-looking woman is anywhere near, don't they all look at her, and the Virgin Mary can go to hell. And another thing. The whores have most faith in the Virgin. Don't talk to me of Spanish religion . . . " The tears of an Irish emigrant who's completely forgotten what Ireland is like came to his eyes and into his voice as he said: "One poor Irish priest has more faith and Christianity in him than a hundred Spanish Cardinals."

Perkins remained silent after this outburst. I could see he'd never understand the Catholic religion. My uncle, as though to help him back to safer conversation, asked: "Did you see the man about the house you're to get?" Then to me he explained that Mr. Perkins was going to rent a house a few miles outside the town. "A horror," said Perkins. "Good God, the way the man arrived to discuss business with us . . . dirty overalls . . . five days' growth of beard on his face . . . and then . . . then he asked us to have coffee with him. And the café he brought us to! Filthy. And he insisted on paying the bill, just as though he were one of ourselves. Would you believe it, but the man had hundreds of pesetas on him. I'd say about £50 in all. Now a poor man you might excuse; but then that's what I always say, don't trust the look of a Spaniard. Money doesn't make them look cleaner like us."

More drinks were placed before us. Perkins looked to me to speak, so I said: "The poverty here is terrible. I've never seen so many poor and starving people. It's impossible to sit in the park and read. They're at you all the time. The only ones I don't mind, because I can get rid of them easily, are the shoe-blacks. They're decent enough."

"Don't believe it," Perkins said, and uncle interrupted with, "Ah, they're all right. Most of them fought on the losing side and so can't get a job."

"I don't give a damn," said Perkins, "which side they fought on, I'll never let one of them touch my feet again. Listen to me, young man. The other day I was sitting in the park reading my *Daily Mail* . . . I get it four or five days late here. One of those shoe-blacks came up to me. Now, I might not look it, but I'm soft-hearted. Why, when first I got here, I nearly cried at the sight of the poor and crippled children, the women and the starving old men. I gave away a small fortune. Well, this shoe-black was a young fellow. So poor, you could see his behind, and more, through his torn pants. He looked as if he'd not eaten for years. And he said he'd clean my shoes for one, just one, peseta.

He paused and finished off his drink, while my uncle banged his empty glass on the counter and ordered more. Perkins continued: "I sat back and began reading until I felt a tug at my heel. And damn me, if the scoundrel wasn't ripping the heel off my shoe. In a second he was putting on a dirty little bit of rubber, and then he asked me for ten pesetas, saying he'd mended my shoes. I refused, and said to him, 'Look here, you bloody little rotter, I saw you take off that perfectly good heel. Now you can take off that dirty bit of rubber, for you'll not damn well get your ten pesetas." He pulled the rubber off. A crowd gathered around, and I threw two pesetas on the ground. He refused them, so quickly I gave him a good kick in the sweetbreads and knocked him

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off his little stool. And away I went. I don't need to tell you I felt damned ridiculous walking without a heel."

"Rogues," said uncle, "rogues, all of them. Why, to a Spaniard, corruption is second sense. When you have it at the top, it's bound to be at the bottom."

"Why did you come here?" I asked Perkins.

"All I came for, was to have a nice little house, to keep a few hens and grow a few vegetables. It's not much to want, is it? But I can tell you it's damned difficult to get." Then he took out a silver pocket watch. "I must ask you to excuse me. You see I've to meet my wife in a few minutes. I don't like leaving her in a café on her own here. You never know what would happen."

"Yes," said uncle, "the Spaniards aren't particular. . . ." Perkins looked at him quickly, and he added . . . "what they do."

When Perkins had gone, my uncle sighed and said: "Poor man, but isn't it the price of them? I've not forgotten, although I have a British passport, that for seven hundred years they persecuted Ireland."

"And I suppose for another seven hundred years we'll talk about it."

He was silent. I expected that he might ask how his family were in Ireland. Perhaps, how many grandchildren he had. But he didn't.

We went out into the street. The night was warm, and although it was only February, people sat out at tables along the street, drinking and talking. In a doorway, we saw a woman sitting with a shawl around her head. On her lap, a child's head showed, but the rest of the body was covered by the shawl. At a glance, it looked as if she held only a human head in her lap. Her eyes looked up at mine, and I felt in my pocket for some coins.

"No," said my uncle, "it does no good—let them die, let them all die in Spain."

"But why not at least let them have a little happiness?"

He didn't answer. And as though it were purposely staged, a band of young men, dressed in black silk Elizabethan costumes, with white ruffs, came marching towards us, playing violins and guitars. The poor along the street only stared with sadder eyes, but my uncle was delighted and said: "These are the medical students. Andalusia is full of gaiety."

I didn't answer him. The music died away, and between us both was silence until I spoke. "The Englishman was very funny."

My uncle was relieved and answered: "He's no idea what he'll go through in Spain."

"I'd love to hear his wife singing."

"She's like a policewoman. Everyone here calls her English Carthorse."

"But . . . about Spain?" I said, "How do you think it will all end?" He shrugged his shoulders.

"It can't go on like this!" I said.

"Why not? Isn't the Church and the State strong enough for anything. If I'd had any sense when I was young, I'd have been a priest. I'd have made a lot of money. I'd have said Masses cheaper than any of them, and got all the customers.

I'd heard him say this so often during the last two days that I couldn't laugh, or even smile. I wanted to talk to him honestly.

"Why," he asked, "why am I a poor man today?" And this I'd heard before. It was a warning to me not to ask for money. He'd been a success in Spain, and made a lot of money, on which he lived now. "Life in Spain," he said, "is like a football match, in which the referee has been bribed by both sides . . . it's like. . . ." His voice went on and on, all the time he struggled against saying anything which might betray he was my father.

DONAL O'CONAILL

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The Arts and Entertainment

THE POWER OF PARIS

THE present Arts Council exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, *Young Painters of L'Ecole de Paris*, comes at a moment when some in London are once more indulging in the insular luxury of asking themselves: Is French painting finished? This question could only be asked from a position of comparative ignorance of all that is actually happening now in Paris. A better acquaintance with the subject must lead one to a very different question: where is French painting going? This exhibition, which presents fifty-three large paintings by as many artists, the majority of whom are under forty, is only a partial answer. Fifteen contributions are indifferent; also, one cannot judge artists by one picture each.

Yet, even so, the average level of accomplishment is so high that we rapidly become unaware of it: unconsciously we start judging these pictures by the highest standards known to us. Immediately, therefore, you hear the thoughtful complaint: "I don't see any one of the stature of Matisse or Picasso." All one can say to this is that if younger artists of such great stature are present, they may be as far removed from Picasso as he was from Cézanne—whereas our critic is possibly still thinking in terms of the Picassoesque. Now the influence of Picasso is only obvious in two or three painters here. This fact should indicate the distance travelled by these younger painters, who are journeying, as I say, in five different directions. Some of these I will now indicate.

The first post-war reputations were made by a group which has now dissolved, though all are present here individually: Pignon, Estève, Tal Coat, Tailleux and Gischia. In 1945 their contribution consisted of little more than an exceedingly painterly reshuffling of ingredients taken straight from Matisse, Picasso, Bonnard or Cézanne. To-day only Pignon, Gischia, and Tailleux still pursue that Cubist-Fauve mode of figurative painting. They are, like their style, the oldest present. (Tal Coat's picture is not in his recent more abstract manner.) But almost simultaneously, after the war, two non-figurative abstract movements also came to the fore—a "hard" variety and a "soft." The former took their cue not from Mondrian or northern constructivism, but from the Italian Parisian, Magnelli. Here this group (known in Paris as the Denise René group—after their common gallery) is represented by Dewasne, Deyrolle and Pillet. They somewhat extend the pre-war modes of pure abstraction, which of course were characterised by hard, clean, neat surfaces and mainly geometrical forms. This whole development interests one infinitely less, fine as it is, than the second non-figurative development—the "soft" one. In this latter movement are to be found the most important innovators of our time. But this "soft" abstract group is not really one group but a number of diverse groups and individuals having in common one thing: they are all non-figurative, and their surfaces are as painterly, as rich and diverse in colour, texture and handling as those of the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists. Thus, for convenience, we must list together such richly various talents as Estève, de Staël, Singier, Soulages (whose picture here is, I believe, the finest on view), Hartung, Le Moal and also the absent Manessier, Bazaine, Schneider and the van Veldes. But these are all established. There are already younger artists, roughly associated, who are extremely promising—Quentin and Richetin: or, even more impressive, Rezvani and Arnal, whose canvases here are superb. (And one notes that it is Bonnard alone of the "old masters" who now influences the best of the youngest painters—as he does Estève.)

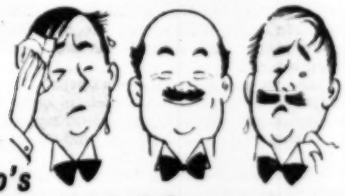
This host of good painters—many of whom I have no space to mention—will be justified in history if they have acted only as the indispensable professional environment of three or four new artists of genius. I believe these truly exceptional figures are there. Estève (now abstract: and not well represented here) and Soulages are two names I will hazard. De Staël is very fine too, but possibly his superlative sense of pictorial architecture is lacking in some way: he yields no *image*, such as we get from Soulages's equally brilliant structure. In Estève, however (and possibly in Rezvani), the great post-war struggle between the exclusively structural "hard" Denise René school and the more atmospheric, spatial, sensuous, and organic abstraction of the "soft" painters such as Singier is at last being resolved in a synthesis that combines the best of both worlds. Estève's pictures synthetise the "hard" and the "soft," the organic and the geometric. Furthermore, they evoke a three-dimensional reality which is at once both an inner and on outer "landscape." They demonstrate, like those of Soulages, that there is no such thing as non-figuration. The best abstraction breathes reality; it is redolent of forms in space, of sunlight and air.

So Paris, I am convinced, is as potent a breeding ground as ever it was. The battle of styles is as fierce, urgent, ruthless (in its elimination of the second-rate) as ever. The painters are obsessed by painting. The recognition of the emergence of a new problem, or a new aspect of an old problem, is an experience immediately shared not by half a dozen painters (as in London) but by fifty artists all possessed of a pure professionalism which utterly precludes anything so rudimentary as faulty technique. In this setting, too, no one wastes time repeating what others have done better: complete knowledge of the present and the near past eliminates wasted effort. Energy is also saved by the existence of a vocabulary of terms which painters, critics and dealers all understand—even if it does not cater for personal refinements of meaning. What a boon such terminological agreement would be here in London!

PATRICK HERON

EARLY MOZART

NOW that *Idomeneo* is no longer unknown, Mozart revivalists might turn their attention to *Zaide*. With Einstein's suggested G major symphony, K318, as Overture, a few lines of extra dialogue, and possibly the vaudeville finale of *Entfuhrung* adapted as ending, it could make a perfectly presentable work. In *Zaide*, as in *Entfuhrung*, a tenor and soprano escape from an Osmin, only to be recaptured, and finally forgiven by the Sultan. But the dénouement is different: Zaide and Gomatz prove to be brother and sister, children of a baritone renegade in the Sultan's service. Only Blondchen and Pedrillo are missing, and with them most of the comedy: *Zaide* is for the most part serious and sentimental. There is a *Bildnisarie*, three lovely numbers for soprano (the most remarkable in G minor, with dramatic reiterations of the word "Tiger!", and a larghetto central section which Pamina might sing), and two splendid ensembles: a quartet with



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CHARLES MORGAN *on* SOUTH AFRICA

Charles Morgan, who has visited South Africa on behalf of The Sunday Times to study the Union's political scene and racial problems, gives his frank, impartial report in a series of articles beginning on Sunday, July 27 exclusively in:—

The Sunday Times

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four emotions running their separate lines, and a trio (like "Placido è il mar") in Mozart's loveliest union of 6/8 and E major.

Zaide came as the culmination of four B.B.C. concerts in the Festival Hall devoted to the pre-*Idomeneo* dramatic works, concerts which showed plainly that Mozart's early music is enjoyable in itself, quite apart from historical or biographical interest. The work of his immediate predecessors and models is seldom played but what little one hears rarely shows the interest and beauty of his *Die Schuldigkeit des Ersten Gebotes*, written at the age of eleven. It contains notably a wonderfully imaginative aria, "Ein ergrimmter Löwe brüllet," expressive recitatives, two other charming soprano airs, and a strikingly dramatic use of alto trombone as the Last Trumpet. Mozart had not yet mastered counterpoint, and in place of vigorous development there is generally repetition. But his melodic invention is already immensely attractive, and the disposition of orchestral texture and figuration of the accompaniment show an achievement which the mature C. P. E. Bach might have envied.

The performance of *Die Schuldigkeit* made one eager to hear *Mitridate*, *Lucio Silla*, *La Betulia liberata*, *Ascanio in Alba* and the other precursors of *König Thamos* and *Il Rè Pastore*. Perhaps the B.B.C. will allow us to do so, as they push back the line of enjoyable Mozart from where it used to be set at about K201, the A major symphony. The incidental music to *König Thamos*, written in 1773 and revised at the time of *Zaide*, gives little indication in score of how effective it sounds: what looks conventional emerges as amazingly inventive. The forms are firmer—no longer small pieces made long by repetition. An allegretto section in the chorus *Gottheit über alle*, with its division of male and female voices, is not only the forerunner, but also the equal of the many radiantly lovely cantabile A major passages which followed. *Il Rè Pastore*, which opened the B.B.C. series, proved even more polished in style and immediately attractive.

The concerts were for the most part well rendered, though it seems sure that the hall is unflattering to singers. The casting was international; the London Mozart Players were directed reliably but not outstandingly by Harry Blech. What emerged was that Mozart from his earliest years could sing divine melodies, and that his treatment of them—when writing for the stage—was never merely in terms of eighteenth-century commonplace, but increasingly irradiated by imaginative genius. In the early instrumental works (and in some later ones for that matter) there are routine movements—not many—where inspiration and inventiveness run slightly thin. On the stage, as one would expect, the ambitious young composer writes more consistently at his top form.

ANDREW PORTER

THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET

THE New York City Ballet, now beginning a season at Covent Garden, has one definite characteristic that marks it as different from any Russian, English or French company—this is a sharp, glossy polish. It is like a cellophane packing that partly disguises and partly enhances the goods within. In effect, it serves to mask the personalities of the dancers and provides a finish to every production: the discrepancies are harmonised, the weaknesses toned up and there is always a shimmer in the movement. On the first night George Balanchine, director of the company, was chiefly responsible for the choreography. His work is always businesslike and musically sound; yet it was unstimulating: nothing lifted us out of the consciousness of watching. I realised that I have remained unmoved by his ballets since his enchanting *Cotillon* was produced in 1932, although individual movements are beautifully designed. The classic beauty is rather stilted and the romantic themes are rather commonplace. This latter shortcoming was apparent in *La Valse*, where Death, in inevitable black tights and gloves, enters one of those bare ballrooms whose pseudo-Victorianism is marked by a few chandeliers and wide-skirted dresses—in fact, this style of décor has become a ballet convention. Death picks his girl and dances with her until she drops down dead; she is then removed by the young gentlemen and the ball goes on. Nothing much is emphasised, neither the drama nor the lyricism, which are inherent in Ravel's sour-flavoured waltzes. But my indignation is seriously roused against Mr. Balanchine for his work of destruction on Fokine's *Firebird*. The mess he has made of this once bewitching fairy tale is terrible to see. Despite Stravinsky's enchanted music and Chagall's eerie sets, Prince Ivan's trespass into the magician's garden to find the Firebird and set the captured maidens free goes for nothing, whichever way it is viewed. The once blazing Firebird has been reduced to the stature of a neat little humming bird and the wicked magician, Kostchei, to a mangy bat. In the name part Maria Tallchief danced well, though she acted not at all.

The dramatic powers of the company are concentrated in Nora Kaye, who took the chief part in Jerome Robbins's allegory, *The Cage*. The programme expatiates: "There occurs in certain forms of insect and animal life, and even in our own mythology, the phenomenon of the female of the species considering the male as prey." As a lady spider, more disgusting than any spider ever dreamed of, Miss Kaye did well. Her body and face were distorted in a most revolting manner as she mated with and finally killed her partner. But had Miss Kaye's spider personality not been as pungent as an unpleasant smell, I might well have dozed off in the middle.

This company as a whole seems to have developed lopsidedly. Technically, it is always smooth and efficient, but in its emotional expression—excepting Miss Kaye—there is a lack of subtlety, or indeed any kind of temperamental vitality. Everything is made obvious: nothing is left or given to the imagination. This lack of sensibility shows itself in a physical way, too; for instead of those soft, glowing arm movements, which make such a harmonious contrast to the legs in ballet technique, and which are stressed by all the best Russian teachers, the Americans use their arms with the same kind of strength as their legs. This apparent effort in the upper body is generally due to insufficient control, so that the strain of a difficult step creeps up even to the tips of the fingers and to the neck and face. But in the case of the New York Ballet all the dancers are excellently trained—in fact, they have a rare elasticity, so that there is never a bang or a jerk among them. It seemed that they have been deliberately trained in this forceful style of movement. If so, it is unfortunate, for the logical end to such direction, combined with their emotional frigidity, is pure gymnastics.

ANNABEL FARJEON

THE MOVIES

"The Road to Hope," at the New Gallery
"Aan," at the Rialto
"Something Money Can't Buy," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Castle in the Air," at the Plaza

The recent Italian Film Festival may not have much festivated, but it had good wares to show. The first, if not the best, now appears at the New Gallery. I reviewed this piece at the time, and don't intend to repeat myself, except with the recommendation that here is a genuine, skilful, moving film about Sicilian miners and their families making their way through a land of unemployment to the Eldorado of the French frontier. It advances slowly (though none the worse for that), and its director, Pietro Germi, applying himself to realism and unprofessional acting, hasn't been able wholly to exclude his taste for melodrama. But worth visiting, and—as I come to think of the other films offered to us this week—doubly earning our gratitude. Other Italian films to follow will certainly include De Sica's *Miracle in Milan*, and I should like to put in a strong plea for Castellani's *Due Soldi di Speranza* (I suppose, *Ha'porth of Hope*). With *Spring in Italy* he amused, charmed, whirled; this new film quite flabbergasts. It has more life to the square inch than all our well-mannered English acres.

Aan is at least something of a novelty: "purely Indian"—we are told—"in idea, in conception, in execution." India is the second largest film-producing country in the world, and one "purely Indian" trait is apparently to ape the first. The greater part of *Aan* is like some *Thief of Baghdad* in comb song and calico colour: we have a local Fairbanks, a local Dietrich, wiggle dancing, duels, the water-lily bath, roof jumping, guard outwitting, horse chasing, and the rest of it. *Aan* seems determined, in its two hours and seven minutes, to give us everything, including an Intolerant climax, with the flames creeping nearer a princess tied to the stake, a fight to the death beside, a man sawing through an enormous padlock, a fuse running to blow up a fort, a king incognito about to disclose himself, and a people ripe to enter democracy. Some Indian landscape is vouchsafed, but even more Indian studio: no nonsense, the backcloth here is unashamed backcloth. By far the most attractive things about *Aan* are the hero (Dilip Kumar) and the heroine (Nimmi)—before she gets jilted and vindictive—and the songs, nasally and appealingly lilted, that intersperse the action. The playing is melodramatic, but at least there is melodrama to play. The story is described as "a folk tale . . . set in one of the Princely States of India of the past"; but a past with quite new looking cars and riding breeches among the elephants and saris. I am afraid that for Londoners, while variously enjoyable, *Aan* will be less India and the Indians than what Indian audiences like.

Our two English films are deplorable. No one will recognise in *Something Money Can't Buy* the director of *Western Approaches* and *White Corridors;* Mr. Pat Jackson's name is attached, that is all; this is professional work on the lower magazine level. With husband and wife after the war both trying to make a living, who shall give way? No prize for guessing. The two jobs, which have a certain charm, are universal aunts and kitchens on wheels.

Castle in the Air has the indescribable gloom of a West End farce set in a Scottish castle; jokes are damp, dialogue creaks, and everywhere looms the stuffed trophy of situation. Try this on the Indians!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

A TRITENESS, which I fear is not quite accidental, has come to be the mark of *Saturday Night Theatre*. Whatever the subjects—they may very likely be the respectable ones of murder and matrimony—the characters slide into easy theatrical grooves; the stagey voices trail through stagey situations, only an occasional resilient player like Lilly Kann showing up the surrounding flatness. The same plays, even, may be found rising up at this hour, and more than once. The whole thing, I suspect, is expressly designed for Mrs. Dale, whose job prevents her from attending a West End matinée during the week. Yet, in the popular play (which many of us are prepared to enjoy) no less than in the literary and experimental kinds, some sparkle and quality in production should not be impossible.

The Monday night play is more of a gamble: we may expect it, however, to be not only more sophisticated or more serious in idea, but certainly less mild and timorous in production. (It may even—unlike Third Programme drama—find a possible topic in the contemporary English scene; though on all three services this seems a difficulty). James Forsyth's *The Nameless One of Europe* was clearly a Monday night piece. The title—a slightly discouraging one, perhaps—would, of course, suggest this: but the plot, as any frequent listener can prove to himself by a little analysis, is much less important than the treatment and presentation. In this play, both were far from commonplace; for plain and unmysterious as each episode might seem in isolation, the effect of the whole was *strange*.

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The haunted theme—a girl in post-war Europe looking for her origins—gave its character to the entire production, tilting it to the plane of the central figure's insecurity; an effect more easily achieved and more familiar in the cinema. Even the use of letters read aloud, a device artificial on the stage, became congenial in the radio play, and served both to hasten and to hold together the action. Among the cast Yvonne Mitchell, who was the lost Anina, deserves a particular mention. Normally it is a thankless business to play the part of a pretty girl on the radio; nothing can be less interesting and individual than those clear, ringing, well-bred, well-trained tones of the usual leading non-character actress. In contrast to this the unemphatic, guarded voice of Miss Mitchell was unexpectedly impressive.

John Chandos's witty history of table manners (*The Civilities of the Table*), nicely performed by an anonymous cast, with Anthony Hopkins's music, was one of those light chapters of social history which the Third Programme feature can present so agreeably. The main problem in this radio form is its absence of climax, which Mr. Chandos sought to replace by a moral at one end and a verse exhortation at the other (on the folly of dividing the flesh from the spirit). The moral, that behaviour, however rigid the pattern appears, is not a historical constant, is a useful one which might be applied in feature form to other sociological or political attitudes. The researches discovered, for instance, some macabre sixteenth-century party hints "that will be good sport if you like not your guests"; while the present century, if politer, had its own sinister notes. The use of music was slight, indicative, cleyer; underlining in a bar or two the change of period. On the other hand, the more unusual the material, the more unsatisfactory it is to be given no clue to its sources—not to be told, in fact, which passages are authentic and which pastiche, and, if they are genuine, *whose?*

Robert Kee's talk on *A Village in Provence*, had, for all its simplicity of style, a distinction that made it a troubling imaginative experience. But Sean O'Faolain, who had, in *A Thorn in the Flesh*, an interesting history to tell about Charles Newman, brother of John Henry, delivered it with so many indiscriminate sneers at this and that that we could never get clear of the studio and the speaker. I enjoyed (in *Children's Hour*) David Davis's account of the Llangollen International Musical Eisteddfod, and particularly the singing of a Welsh girl called Sybil Jones. I could only wonder at the nightmarish details of an American Presidential election, which insinuated themselves between so many of the week's items, and culminated in the fearsomely vivid Convention report (as of the proceedings in some monstrous Zoo) given by Alistair Cooke.

NAOMI LEWIS

"Pierrot Lunaire" and "Façade," at the Festival Hall

The Society for Twentieth Century Music, having courageously taken the Festival Hall and prepared a lavish programme-book with complete texts, plus an English translation of *Pierrot Lunaire*, suddenly lost heart and printed so few copies that quite half the huge audience had to go without. Apart from this mishap, it was an exhilarating evening: perhaps the day is coming when this double bill will rival "Cav and Pag". The words of *Façade* are a delirious mixture of free association, technical ingenuity, beauty and fun; the percentage of hits to misses is high, and Walton's music makes it seem higher. Edith Sitwell declaimed in person. She cannot equal the Brengun precision of Constant Lambert; but her beautiful, liquid voice was always a delight, and by the time she reached *Scotch Rhapsody* she was putting the lines across with the assurance of Yvette Guilbert. The difficulty with *Pierrot Lunaire* is to prevent the fantastic delicacy of the instrumental writing from being swamped by the peculiar sing-song of the *Sprechgesang*, which is apt to sound like the wheedling *dictée* of a German governess. Hedli Anderson, notwithstanding her severe air and her specs, brings a welcome touch of cabaret to the occasion: she suggests Blaue Engel as well as Blaue Reiter. So exact is her sense of rhythm and of pitch that she makes us long to hear the work, for once, actually sung instead of "speech-sung". Fricker's three Cecco Angiolieri sonnets, sung by Alexander Young, showed (like the poems) an ingenious and mordant wit.

D. S.-T.

The Art of Gandhara, at the Berkeley Galleries

Gandhara is a region covering Afghanistan and the west of Pakistan. From the second to the fourth centuries A.D. there flourished there an extensive school of Buddhist sculpture. The work of this school has become famous for historical rather than æsthetic reasons. The Gandhara sculptors were the first to use comparatively realistic images for illustrating the life and teachings of the Buddha, and in this way their work influenced later Indian Buddhist art. This stylistic change was of course due to a development in the religion itself—the Buddha was beginning to be popularly deified—but its particular form was obviously influenced by Greco-Roman works which reached Gandhara by way of the Eastern trade routes. In this show there are heads of the Buddha whose profiles are almost purely Classic, and several bas-relief friezes which are strangely reminiscent of the carvings on early Christian sarcophagi. To my inexperienced eye only a few of the sixty pieces (particularly Nos. 22, 39, 43) appeared moving or beautiful in themselves. The considerable interest of the remainder lay in their curiosity.

J. B.

Drawings by Charles Keene (1823-91), at the Arts Council Gallery

In a quiet room overlooking St. James's Square will be found, for a month or more, the quietest of artists. He never gesticulates, never commands, never perhaps (though this a visitor must judge for himself) quite comes into his own. He has an affection for the solitary figure asleep in a train or seated back to us, for rooms at dusk, women domestically employed, cabbies and drunks, quiet snowy streets, the Suffolk flatness, the expense of the seaside. These, delicately, feelingly, he inscribes, with light ink touches. Sometimes his small parallelogram may hint at large things—a painter's vision of traffic, with one driver more loftily enthroned than another; more often he is content with a registration slight as its means, yet self-sufficing. His is a modest contemplation. Here among five sketches on envelopes he catches sight of himself: a dainty, dejected, apologetic man. With his hat off, he inclines a little too generously towards someone or something—his public, perhaps. For he was also the servant, the errand-boy, of Jocosity. Every week for years saw his contribution to *Punch*; friends provided the jokes; he embellished or offset them; and popularity was his. Rarely can a success have been won more incongruously than his: he is the reverse of that commonly recognised figure, the comedian who dreams of tragedy. Keene hankers after laughs, the joke painful as dentistry. A few traces of this lifelong addiction—stout parties, the tenants' ball, seasickness—have strayed into the present exhibition, and very odd and not very funny they appear. Sometimes the slight elegance unobtrusively leads away from the barking inscription, and sometimes the drawing itself is vitiated; once or twice, drawing and joke felicitously join. That, in the circumstances, there should have been a bust of Keene to survive—amber in flies—is something of a paradox, if not a miracle. We must be grateful to the British Arts Council for so succinctly bringing to us both and it and him.

G. W. S.

"The Globe Revue," at the Globe Theatre

The tide that began to flow strongly at Hammersmith last year is still running fast in Shaftesbury Avenue. With much the same cast and devisers, this revue cannot but be a success. The formula glows richly yet with a difference. There is less wit and there are more high kicks, fewer good sketches and more gay numbers—an entertainment slanted for the commuter in the stalls rather than the civil servant or the schoolteacher in the circle. Vegetarian frumps, engaging servants (Old and New Style), the Deep South melodrama—this is a familiar mixture. There is nothing as good as the earlier revue's child film star on Sunset Boulevard and in the first-half finale one missed anything like the lunatic whirl of "Kiss Me, Mrs. Alving!" Yet there is an abundance of good things, including a crisp and long overdue take-off of the Critics. Mr. Coward again makes his contribution, a wanderlust plaint by a garage hand on the Kingston By-pass and a breezy number entitled "Bad Times Are Just Around the Corner." Dora Bryan, back at her Information Desk in the first half, is superb as a lady at sea in a smart restaurant in the second; George Benson makes sadistic mayhem with the £25 traveller and Graham Payn sings and dances with his usual exuberant poise. My own special joys were Diana Decker's "Jewel Song" ("I'm Just a Girl who Gets Garnets") and the number about the cabaret queen who, having hoisted herself on to the piano, can't get off.

J. N. B. R.

"Cymbeline," at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park

"This play has many sentiments, some natural dialogues, and many pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity." Mr. Atkins's new production does nothing to soften Johnson's verdict. As one might expect, this is a straightforward *Cymbeline*. It has none of the dwarfs and quaint properties that have attended earlier and more *chic* productions. Nor is the Vision scene—so admired by Wilson Knight and so disliked by almost everyone else—at all softened in its harshness. Though I am told that Mr. Atkins has since discarded it, on the night I visited the Park, Jupiter's arrival was heralded with an explosion fit to sink a battleship. Many of the most "pleasing scenes" go for next to nothing. Why, when there is such a dearth of employment in the theatre, the standard of the supporting casts at the Park should be so low, I cannot say, but such is the case. As Cymbeline's sons, David Woodman and Gilbert Harrison caught little of the spirit and none of the poetry that belong to the parts. Peter Fawcett drew rounds of applause by playing Cloten as a shuffling Gilbertian clown and Tristan Rawson's Cymbeline was just another Colonel Blimp domiciled in Colchester. The way he allowed himself to be swept off-stage by his attendants in the battle scenes was one of the most striking refutations of the Shakespearean idea of kingship that I have seen in the theatre. Belarius (Raymond Rollett) delivered his speeches in Sherwood Forest sing-song; Clement Hamelin, as Caius Lucius, was almost the least noble Roman of them all. The evening owed most to weather and place and much to Basil Hoskins's Posthumus (forthright), Patricia Tucker's Queen (conventional but meaty) and an extremely good Iachimo (David Powell). Mary Kerridge's Imogen began stiltedly but gained enormously with the part. By the time she had received her summons to "that same blessed Milford" she had attained more than a glimmer of the "innocent rapture and fresh gladness" that the critic of the *Saturday Review* beheld in Miss Terry.

J. N. B. R.

"The Way to Keep Him," at the Arts

First performed in 1761, Arthur Murphy's dry little comedy of unfaithful husbands is both pre- and sub-Sheridan. It has some neat situations but little verbal wit and if it is to carry us along, there must be wit and style in the acting. This, except for Avice Landone's Widow Belmore and Jill Bennett's skittish lady's maid, Muslin, the play never for one moment gets. Miss Landone is *tout* personified, but even she has to underplay heavily so as to blend with the antic postures of the rest of the cast, all of whom are at least a thousand miles from the Mall. No three actors in a costume revival were ever as ill-assorted as Messrs. Laurence Hardy, Derek Birch and Ernest Clark. Mr. Hardy is a fierce Gillray, Mr. Birch a pale Rowlandson; Mr. Clark, with a fine disregard for period, affects a Restoration manner and a whinnying laugh that can be heard all down Great Newport Street: together, they would have quickly exiled him from every club in St. James's Street and every drawing-room in Berkeley Square. This revival is yet further proof of the way in which "mannered" acting in the true and best sense of the word is vanishing from the English theatre. Stephen Murray's production is as uninspired as most of the performances.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

DILEMMA FOR SOCIALISTS

SIR,—When I noticed an article, "Dilemma for Socialists," in a recent issue by an "Unknown Socialist," I hoped to find not only the presentation of a dilemma, but also some tangible hints for its solution. I was disappointed in reading of nothing more than the clashing opinions of various publicists and leaders of the Socialist Party. There is a search for a new policy, whether it be more nationalisation, further extension of the social services or a greater inspiration to be derived from the Socialist ethic. All this talk is fiddling while Rome is burning. There need be no dilemma for the Socialist Party. All the wrangling by disputants of the Fabian Society, the Socialist Union and others pales before the immediate emergency of the present international tension.

If war comes there will be nothing but complete destruction of the Welfare State, of Socialist programmes and all the points on which our blinkered leaders argue and dispute. All that Socialist Governments have so laboriously built up since 1945 is in danger, not from Capitalism or a Tory Government, but from war. The dilemma arises, not from dissension on the next steps of Socialist policy, but from a disarray of Socialist opinion on prevention of war.

The Right Wing clings to American strength and power to destroy and even exterminate whole areas of population as a guarantee against a hypothetical Russian aggression, while the Left Wing believes that a more certain way of avoiding war is by genuine negotiation between the East and the West.

If only the professional leaders of the Labour Party could realise that, before the hideous menace of a destructive war, the mass of ordinary people care little or nothing for this or that brand of domestic Socialism; they might unite to form a massive movement which could cut the present hypocrisy and humbug of Western "diplomacy" (sic) and get down to direct negotiation with the Eastern Powers. The people know well that the creation of an overwhelming military might will lead us to inevitable war.

Labour now has an opportunity unique in history for saving the world from its own Gadarene destruction. Never was a crisis so urgent.

For this mission the Party needs strength and confidence. The strength is there in the deepest feelings of the mass of the people in whom the Party should be rooted.

When, in the struggle with Hercules, his adversary Antaeus was lifted from contact with his mother Earth, he weakened and was finally subdued. For Antaeus read the Party leaders, for mother Earth, the people. There is no need to identify Hercules. It is too obvious. Never since the election of 1906 has the national press represented the thoughts of the people less than it does now. The propaganda of hate poured out daily and every Sunday is the usual and constant prodromal phase which precedes every modern war. It is necessary to condition the people to submit to their own destruction.

There need be no dilemma of the Socialist Party. They have only to unite to end the present emergency of the cold war, to prevent real war and so make it possible and profitable for the "disputants" to agree on the next programme for Britain.

12 Wimpole Street, W.1. ALECK BOURNE

TRADE UNION DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Your commentary on "The Government of British Trade Unions" deals with one or two important aspects of Mr. J. Goldstein's revelation of the shortcomings of trade union democracy, as illustrated by the Transport and General Workers' Union. As you recognise, however, it only touches on a few of the questions which a thoughtful Socialist must ask. Without equally searching enquiry into the practice of other "mammoth" unions, it is hardly justifiable to assume, as Mr. Goldstein's title does, that the picture he draws of the T.G.W.U. is generally applicable to the British T.U. movement. What would be most valuable at this juncture would be for the big four and three moderate-sized craft unions voluntarily to invite such an independent enquiry, which would shed much needed light on the problem how far size alone, and how far industry or craft, are factors determining the stability of union membership and the extent to which democratic government is a reality in the union.

In putting its house in order in the light of these disclosures, there is one elementary thing the Labour movement can do, as a matter of democratic principle, and that is, to abolish the discredited card vote (in the sense of one carrying the whole membership of the organisation concerned) and substitute therefor, where any collective vote is required, the actual votes of the members of the body on the issue in question, as vouched by the chairman and secretary. This return to real democracy would be highly disconcerting in a number of ways, especially to the oligarchy, but it would bring a breath of fresh air to the movement. Instead of the impressive millions of votes, artificially concocted, we should have only thousands, perhaps only hundreds, but they would be real votes, by real people, expressing real opinions. The situation would compel the leaders, for their own credit, to set about educating and inspiring their members to take their responsibilities in the union more seriously. Applied to the Labour Party, it would mean that the people who do the donkey work, the individual members, would no longer be browbeaten and outvoted by T.U. nominees with an artificial voting strength bearing no relation to the actual votes of their constituents, the great majority of whom have probably never been consulted on the issue. J. HENRY LLOYD

91 Attimore Road,
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

FRIENDS OF ATLANTIC UNION

SIR,—The announcement in *The Times* of the formation of the above group appeared over a dozen names, including those of four known members of the Labour Party.

The National Executive Committee has never hesitated to instruct members of the Labour Party to refrain from association with bodies whose aims and objects it regards as incompatible with those of Democratic Socialism. To assist members who may suffer from political myopia in this respect, it publishes a list of proscribed organisations.

It is not seriously disputed in any quarter that the virtual disappearance of Socialism in Britain is a primary condition of Atlantic Union.

In these circumstances it would seem that the National Executive must accede to a request to place "Friends of Atlantic Union" on the list of proscribed organisations.

London, S.E.19. HUGH JENKINS

SPANISH TRIALS

SIR,—Some months ago, you were good enough to publish a letter signed by myself and other members of the International Brigade Association, outlining the grave peril facing Lopez Raimundo and 26 other leaders of the General Strike of March, 1951.

The response to our letter, in suggestions, good wishes and financial help was overwhelming. As a result we were able to organise petitions and a press campaign in every democratic country; to stimulate resolutions to M.P.s and to the Embassy from the Trade Union Movement and in co-operation with the Society of Labour Lawyers, to send Mr. David Widdicombe, the British barrister, to attend the Barcelona trials as an observer.

The result has been a most inspiring victory. May I thank most sincerely all those who by their active support helped to achieve it.

It will be sixteen years ago on Friday—on July 18, 1936, that the Fascist Generals launched their rebellion against the democratically elected government of the Spanish people. By a failure of democracy in this country and in France, Franco was helped to win that struggle. We refused arms *then* to help the newborn democracy; to-day the Foreign Office announces that the export of arms from Britain to Fascist Spain will once again be permitted. The last people to export arms to Franco were Hitler and Mussolini. This cynical exposure of the causes for which we are prepared to fight undermines every

How far? How fast?

The fastest birds of the air today are delta-winged, jet-driven. In a very few years, what more shall we look for there? Ram-jets? . . . Automatic isobar navigation? . . . That might be—or the use of the Coriolis forces which once were thought to guide migrating swallows. . . .

As the aircraft of 1962 leaps across the sky, TI's technicians will feel a moment of pride. And if you ask they will tell you that since the earliest days no British plane has risen from the ground without some of the many components which TI produces. That is TI's role.

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moral value and, if faced with honesty, presents a far more effective argument than the economic consequences of rearmament upon which it is the current fashion to rest one's case. For if our cause has the sanction of morality and democracy then the economic consequences must be accepted; if it has not, then it is time to do more than cut the arms bill which is the sign manual of restricted living and agonising death. As Socialists we can help to fulfil for the world a promise made 20 centuries ago. "I come to bring life and that more abundantly."

LEAH MANNING

Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex.

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—Whatever the truth of the matter, germ warfare is not a subject for facetious verse. Not very long ago, THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION considered the allegations of germ warfare at least worthy of investigation. What has since occurred to convince Sagittarius that "the Chinese . . . cannot show what was never there to be seen"? Only, apparently, their refusal to accept the "supra-national team" proposed by the U.S. as a suitable body to investigate the matter. The International Committee of the Red Cross is international only in activity, not in membership. Its twenty-five members are all Swiss citizens. Switzerland is one of the few countries where the Communist Party is illegal. Is it surprising that China does not regard the Committee as an impartial body?

Two counter-proposals have been made. The first is that China and Korea should attend the Security Council to give their evidence. Although Article 34 of the United Nations Charter says that "a State which is not a member of the United Nations may bring to the attention of the Security Council any dispute," this request has been refused. Why does America fear to face the representatives of these countries? The second proposal is that a genuinely impartial body shall be sent to investigate. Why does America refuse to consider any team other than International Committee of the Red Cross?

St. Thomas's, Mansions, S.E.1. H. S. U. HODGSON

SIR,—It is a pity that "Critic" and "Sagittarius" could not refrain from echoing the yellow press in their treatment of the Dean of Canterbury's press conference. One would have less cause for regret had you reported the main object of the conference—the presentation of the protest petition against germ warfare from hundreds of Chinese Christian leaders. Even if this petition be dismissed as the work of dupes or liars, there is much other evidence available which you might at least be prepared to discuss. Notably there is the material brought back from North Korea and China by Mr. J. Gaster. There is also scientific data which has been examined by two non-party, widely based organisations, "Science for Peace" and "The Medical Association for the Prevention of War." The executives of these organisations, after examination of bacteriological, entomological and epidemiological reports, conclude that these reports ". . . have undoubtedly been furnished by Chinese scientists of repute, some known personally to British scientists. While there is nothing to suggest that the bacteriological and entomological findings are not genuine, the reports of the investigations are incomplete and, taken by itself, the scientific evidence so far examined by the Committees is inconclusive."

Even this cautiously worded statement of specialist opinion has not so far been published.

28, Bartholomew Rd., N.W.5. ANTHONY RYLE

[Critic refers to this correspondence in his London Diary.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ON PAIN

SIR,—Dr. Joad and your correspondent, Dr. Adair Gitby, have, I hope, started something. May I add my testimony to theirs?

In recent years, two people well known to me—one a near relation and the other a close friend—were critically ill in one of the great teaching hospitals in Scotland, and I was in regular and prolonged attendance at their bedsides. On both occasions I was shocked and distressed by the amount of unnecessary pain that they, and others round them, were allowed to endure. In the nursing home to which my relation was later removed, relief from pain was given far more readily; and I have reason to believe that this is the general experience.

I am anxious that this shall not appear as an attack on the hospital concerned, or on particular doctors and nurses. The fault lies, not with individuals, but with the mental attitude, widespread though largely implicit, that Dr. Joad and Dr. Girby describe—the attitude that pain, *per se*, is not of much importance, and that relief is a luxury, not something that non-paying patients can expect as a matter of course.

Dr. Girby makes short work of the familiar arguments about drug-addiction. They are, of course, transparent rationalisations. They do not, apparently, apply to paying patients, and it is difficult to see how they can apply to the dying. As Mr. Clarke's letter well illustrated, the attitude of some members of the medical profession towards pain is not based on a reasoning process, fallacious or otherwise. Its causes are deep and largely unconscious, and are essentially the same as led humane and able men, less than a century ago, to deny or defend the horrors of Scutari, and to protest on moral grounds against the use of anæsthetics in surgery.

The grip of this attitude is weakening as psychological knowledge becomes more widely diffused. But the process is slow, and anything that can be done to hasten it will pay immense dividends in the alleviation of suffering. The first step is to get the facts known. Those who have suffered unnecessarily, or have seen others suffer, must overcome the traditional dislike of making a fuss, and must, as we say, create about it. By opening its columns to their protests, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is doing a public service. MARGARET KNIGHT

Department of Psychology,
University of Aberdeen.

LOCUSTS

SIR,—In his interesting article, "War on Locusts," Mr. Pollak records that in the course of a plague the swarms migrate from country to country, from Continent to Continent, following the rains and covering excessively hot, dry and cold regions. This is tantamount to saying that these insect swarms are carried about the world in the air streams without any objectivity on the part of the swarm.

In this connection, Dr. Uvarov has recently said in Nairobi that nothing but a miracle, which is unlikely to happen, will this year prevent the swarms invading East Africa should the present anti-locust campaign prove unsuccessful; though last year, he says, such a miracle did happen when the locusts unexpectedly turned north instead of continuing south. This unexpected change of direction of the locusts assuredly coincided with an identical change in the direction of the air stream. A very precise, and scientifically accurate, account of the causes of locust invasions, and of their dispersals, is recorded in Exodus x, the only "miraculous" aspect of the plague being the *timing* of the operative winds.

Littlewood, Hayling Island. BERNARD ACWORTH, Captain, R.N.

LIVING LANDSCAPE

SIR,—In your issue of June 21 Geoffrey Grigson misrepresents the nature of my book *The Living Landscape of Britain*, which contains several items of original research (*e.g.*, Fig. 78) and a great deal of matter not to be found in textbooks. Its approach to its subject is also new.

He further complains that no "Land of Lyonesse" joined Cornwall to the Isles of Scilly in Saxon times. *I have nowhere said that it did*, and though a large part of the area in question undoubtedly was dry land in Saxon times the reader is warned of the uncertain nature of traditional evidence.

Again, Mr. Grigson says that "Lulworth Cove is unlikely to have been formed by the sea breaking through the rock." *I do not say that Lulworth Cove was so formed*, but that the process occurs typically on the coast "in the neighbourhood of Lulworth Cove". This coast is, in fact, the standard example of this type of sea action, and Lulworth Cove itself it a very good model of the later stage of such erosion, the Lulworth stream notwithstanding.

The other two allegations fall equally wide of the mark, and further mislead by presenting opinions as if they were established facts. They may be easily shown to amount to nothing, but space forbids the quotations this would entail.

WALTER SHEPHERD

Washington, Sussex.

[Mr. Grigson writes: The answers are equivocal. About the Isles of Scilly: one may shows "England in Saxon times" with the present coastline superimposed. A chunk west of Land's End is included and marked Lyonesse. The text repeats that this map shows "the probable outline in Saxon times." About Lulworth Cove: the text says "In such coasts the sea attacks the protecting rampart of hard rock, and where once this has been breached makes short work of the softer rock behind. . . . The circular or elliptical bays produced form sheltered anchorages for small vessels and are often called coves"; the reader is referred to an air photo of Lulworth Cove. No hint that at Lulworth the hard rampart is held to have been breached first by the stream and not the sea.

Mr. Shepherd's Figure 78, one of his "items of original research," only shows that the vegetation of a calcareous soil differs from the vegetation of a sandy heath.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PROGRESSIVE SMUT

SIR,—The report on your Competition No. 1,164 states that "there were deplorably large numbers of examples relating to brothels and to lavatories." Similar comments have been made before in the reports on your competitions, and I have noticed over a period of many years how frequently jocular references to sexual relations or the natural functions are overtly or allusively made in competitors' entries. Is there any explanation for the incidence of these curious and facetious references, which seem to be peculiar to your competitions? Could a Mr. Gorer, perhaps, tell us whether there is something typical in the psychological constitution of the *N.S. & N.* competitor—repression, frustration, exhibitionism, delayed adolescence, for example—which finds effective expression in such sexy or smutty quips and double-entendres which is associated in some way with "progressive" opinions? JOHN HAYWARD

19 Carlyle Mansions,
Cheyne Walk, S.W.3.

MANSBRIDGE HOUSE

SIR,—Your readers will not need to be reminded of the great contribution made by Dr. Albert Mansbridge, C.H., to the further education of people in this country and, indeed, in the world. Thousands of those now in adult life—many of them in positions of the greatest responsibility—owe much to his foundations in both adult education and the field of public libraries. The Workers' Educational Association, the National Central Library, the British (now National) Institute of Adult Education and the Seafarers' Education Service were all inspired by him.

The Seafarers' Education Service is the youngest member of his family, working in a sphere little known to the general public, but familiar indeed to everyone in the Merchant Service. Like much within our Industry, it has been carried along by the harmonious effort and interest of "both sides," and during more than 32 years has sent 3 million books to sea for ships' libraries, as well as providing educational courses of all kinds. It has never been more lively or more widely used than to-day.

Dr. Mansbridge has now agreed to lend his name to a new headquarters for the Seafarers' Education Service. Already £14,000 of the total cost of £24,000 has been raised from those who know directly of the work, but for the remainder we have to appeal to a wider circle of friends. We feel that many who respect his name and who have the interests of the Merchant Navy at heart will wish to contribute something, however small, towards this permanent and living monument to a great man. Gifts should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Seafarers' Education Service, Mansbridge House, 207 Balham High Road, London, S.W.17.

WILLIAM C. CURRIE
President

Books in General

BEFORE the character and work of George Eliot the reader has the mixed feelings that are apt to rise at the contemplation of some solemn public statue where the marble has outdone the life. What dank foreboding in that face, what implacable high-mindedness! There is admiration for her genius, for in *Middlemerch* she is among the greatest of the mid-Victorians. She has the boldness and spaciousness of the firm, deliberate intellects. We are steeled by her integrity. We are delighted, in a country where the intellectual is traditionally suspected, to see a woman impose herself by force of brain and character. We try to make ourselves worthy of the charm of a strong countenance. And yet, there is an undeniable ungainliness and overheavy melancholy in the face, and it seems to come from some element of personal excess. The Sundays at The Priory were distinguished but slow—they were not always lightened by George Lewes's jokes—and one visitor noted that Madonna (as Lewes called her, in her later years) was rather too accustomed to adoring flattery, rather too inclined to be intense, and lean her large, brooding face too close and speak in the low and eager tones proper to the leading moralist of the nation. That was not, it is true, a constant impression; but if others saw the changing expression of the wise grey eyes, the untroubled illumination of the intellect, and heard the melodiously spoken words, there was still an overbosomed side to the great super-ego.

We are troubled, indeed, because there are two George Eliots, as the title of a new *Life** suggests. One of them goes back to the warm, awkward, possessive country girl from Warwickshire; the other is the provincial prodigy who has turned into the scholar of the weekly press, formidable in religious and philosophical dispute, the embodiment of Conscience. There is the creator of Maggie Tulliver, the artist who was awakened by Lewes; the other is the laborious historian of *Romola*. There is the early prophet of Zionism and there is the woman who disturbed the lives of Dr. Brabant, Chapman and Herbert Spencer and who turned one of the great scandals of the Victorian age into a solemn moral triumph. Divisions as drastic as these are common enough in human character; what is not so common is the painful strenuousness of the effort to be all of a piece. If she had been content (people said) not to be so moral about more and more things; if she had not assumed, in her relations with Lewes, "a special sense of sacredness." It was an excess which went down with the public; to the critical—and some of them were, of course, envious—it seemed, all the same, excess.

The new *Life* by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson, who have already written cogently on the Carlyles, puts the character of George Eliot in a plainer, more engaging and less speculative light than has been common with the subject. They are thorough biographers and they write with good sense, sympathy and care. If they have a fault it is too great a reserve. Would it be too daring, for example, to say that the learned and religious young Miss Evans who was turned out of Brabant's house by his wife and who "did more than hold hands" with Chapman in his highbrow seraglio in Fleet Street, was a woman of strong sexual passions? She showed in *The Mill on the Floss* a remarkable sense of their awakening. Households are not disturbed by the arrival of plain girls who have *only* remarkable brains or a masterful possessive instinct. She was not, like Jane Welsh, a petulant and elusive coquette. In the puritan way, George Eliot's strong moral appetite must have been worked up by the force of her natural passions; and the strength of these must be judged by the violence of her condemnation of sexual lightness in others.

But the Hansons are, of course, fundamentally right: more important than the sexual passions are the people and circumstances that control or give them their characteristic form. The girl was plain, clever, and not much liked by her mother; she was aware of great powers, but Methodism was a dull and fanatical religion; it went against her nature, destroyed her confidence. She was a shy woman who, as the Hansons say, was incapable of advance or growth without the aid of another person—hence those headlong crushes on her school-teacher, her brother and, later on, the Brays; hence, too, the obstructive and guilty feeling that she was yielding to self-indulgence instead of saving her soul by prayer, fasting and individual effort as her religion taught her to do. The energetic and severe evangelical piety of her upbringing must have impressed upon her the growing notion that "the other" which would release her intellect and her natural tolerance, her uniqueness and her creative power, was the forbidden thing. The depth of her capacity for feeling may be judged by the fact that her loss of faith did not make her cynical nor leave her arid; what it did mean was the loss of her father, and though she was firm, not to say obstinate, in her break with him, she very quickly saw to it that this damaged and nourishing personal attachment should be repaired. The loss of faith could not be allowed to be a loss of heart. And she came of a family who, though humourless, unimaginative and painfully methodical, felt as strongly as she did. Their feelings as well as their principles were rooted in their narrow religion and their religion was country-bred and primitive: she felt a primitive, personal guilt towards her immovable father to the end. On his side, her immovable brother did not communicate with her during her life with Lewes, but wrote only after her marriage to Mr. Cross, just before her death.

Where the Hansons succeed so well in this *Life*, is in dispersing the solid earnestness of the too noble figure which Cross built up in his devoted biography. Their George Eliot is not all of a piece. She is the arrogant, gifted, priggish girl with the prim speech, and yet, once she is loved by her brother or school-teacher and, later on, the Brays—hot from the study of the new science of phrenology and the Higher Criticism—she wakes up and becomes quite another creature. She has the prudish charm of Esther Lyon or Dorothea Brooke. The years of ambiguous comedy with the Chapmans are also years of struggle familiar in the intellectual life. On the one hand, there is the ambitious, obstinate young woman who has discovered her charm and humour and who seems a good deal less perturbed by her ambiguous situation in the poky back-room of Chapman's house than his resigned wife or his petulant mistress are. On the other hand, there is a pathos in the stolid girl who may be "holding hands" with a Byronic charmer, but who is certainly having her brains exploited by him. One of the agreeable things about George Eliot is her weakness for men not notable for their moral fibre; another is her sensible, tenacious habit of not letting go of one hand until she has found another to help her. We are delighted to suspect that she knows nature abhors a vacuum, even though she seems to imply that nature abhors it on principle! Miss Evans is obstinate, she goes from crush to crush, but she is neither calculating nor is she a fool.

How correct her awakened instinct was in her love for Lewes. Vulgar, he was thought to be, a marionette, a mere dancing master, a light, loose-living article-writing fellow, a mere talker, notable for indiscriminating anecdote. The brilliance of their comedy was that it was the comedy of two people rehabilitating each other. By a paradox, she made him respectable by living with him. He sat down, wrote the *Life of Goethe*, became an excellent journalist, supported his wife's (and her lover's) family, and created a major English novelist. The sick profligate was one of those men who understood women, but who needed, most of all, a good one to corrupt, fulfil and develop. It was he who understood that she must have not merely a lover, but a creative life that would replace the children she could not have. (As for these, he provided her with his wife's, and George Eliot was excellent with them.) It was he who protected and nurtured her gift, who lied cheerfully and inventively to protect her anonymity when that was essential to her success, who organised her fame, who achieved the master stroke of those Sunday receptions which ensured that the society which convention prevented her visiting should call on her, on her own ground, not theirs. In doing all this he gained from her seriousness. People, like the crabbing Carlyles, came round to the point of grudging respect; others began to see there was something in him. And there was: a clever and volatile man, liable to the vulgar lapse, to his own humble astonishment he became good. It improved her to sin, it improved him to become virtuous. They completed each other. She was happy, she was more than happy, she had to confess, because of her sin against society; nor, owing to his skill, did she have to suffer much by way of ordinary affront. She might be obliged to deal with her brother through a third party, she might not be received at Girton; but every distinguished man in England called on her and she was visited by members of the Royal Family, if not by the Queen herself.

Yet as the biographers fill in the detail of this story, the life is neither assured nor happy. The ill-health of the couple is bad enough. Lewes burned himself out by nature; but the close rooms, over-feeding and lack of exercise, common in Victorian life, added their ill-effects to those of conscience, anxiety and success. One of the reasons for the greatness of George

* *Marion Evans and George Eliot*. By LAWRENCE AND ELISABETH HANSON. *Oxford*. 25s.

Eliot is her remarkable rendering of the place of anxiety and worry in middling English life. She worried like a Methodist to the end; it was, with her, a natural talent. She was intelligent enough to see the folly of her introspections, but this did not stop them; nor can it be said that social guilt was entirely at the bottom of them. She was worried, perhaps, because her doctrine that we always receive the rewards and punishments of our good and evil (as she conceived them) was not always made manifest. Hetty Sorel was punished, but *she* was not; rewards were indeed heaped on her. This only served to encourage her to invent severer codes of conduct for her characters; if she could not be an exemplar to the world, then perhaps *they* could.

The whole question of the lifeless and over-virtuous characters in George Eliot's novels is a deeply interesting one. Every model wish is put into them; they are always unconvincing. What powerful guilts of the flesh do these marbled projections of the super-ego entomb? Or must we take them as examples of the moral imperialism of the Victorians, the desire to open up colonies in Heaven? Are they unperceived evasions of the social problem of the age? Are they class ideologies in disguise? That is to say, do they side-track or transform the political impulses of the Industrial Revolution, very much as Wesleyanism had done a generation or more before her? Or must we simply put the last half of *Daniel Deronda*, the unrealities in *Middlemarch* and so on, down to the belief that moral exaltation is an alternative to the creative passion? The light yet perceptive Lewes had the sense to stop her work on a blank verse drama "because the idea was in that stage of creation —or *werden*—in which the idea of the characters predominates over the incarnation." The "idea" of the Warwickshire moralist was very liable to do that. But Lewes, so flimsy in morals himself, was so awed by the expert he loved, that he was in the end carried away by her laudable projections. The Hansons do not profess to add much more than mainly biographical comments on her work, their appraisals of the novels are sound enough but superficial. Their *Life* is one in which she and Lewes dominate; one would have liked, for example, to have heard more about Lewes's wife, a feckless lady who made many demands, and who, perhaps no less battered than the protagonists, survived them both by a great many years.

V. S. PRITCHETT

DEATH IN THE SOUTH

Whatever snows embrace the soul, you'll have
your body lie
In this warm populous land: where its last sigh

Is lost in all the gabble of the frogs, and that high
Sing-song of the tireless crickets. The long cry

Of love and living jars the plump and scented
sleeping sky
To starry splinters. Oh, remote from that dry

Silence of the stopped machines. And far from
where the nightingale will die,
Sole and eccentric, its histrionic death. You choose
to lie

Where life will never let you rest. And if the choirs
deny
Their voices, you'll have what the crickets and
the frogs supply.

D. J. ENRIGHT

THE NOT-SO-SIMPLE BARD

Robert Burns. By DAVID DAICHES. *Bell.* 15*s.*

When *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, were published at Kilmarnock in 1786, Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*, acclaimed their creator as "The Heaven-taught ploughman." It was probably the earliest public affirmation of a lively vulgar error—for the notion of one taught by Heaven implies he is untaught by anybody else—which every modern writer on Burns has felt it his duty to expose afresh. W. P. Ker trounced it in his classic essay on *The Politics of Burns* though the man he went for was not Mackenzie, but Carlyle, with his emotional talk of Burns having "but such knowledge as dwells in a poor man's hut." Then Professors Snyder and Hans Hecht, with their critical biographies, and Professor De Lancey Ferguson, with his masterly edition of the Burns letters, piled up the evidence against those who fancy Burns illiterate. Now comes Mr. Daiches to expose the error again, and to give a new twist to his exposure by further demonstrating how it was almost bound to arise.

He begins his study by charting the eighteenth-century literary revival in Scotland, and its two strands: the native, which exploited Scottishness —literary nationalism partly compensating for the loss of political independence—and the genteel, which played it down. Henry Mackenzie, who wrote Addisonian essays in *The Lounger*, was of the genteel party; he regretted that Burns should write in Scots, and praised some of his poems as being "almost English." Mackenzie did recognise genius in Burns, but in a few phrases—"humble and unlettered station," "honest pride and independence of soul," "the native poet whose 'wood-notes wild' . . ."—indicates what kind of genius: simple, self-reliant, unread, uttering an uncouth dialect, yet miraculously visited by the divine spark.

Now if Mackenzie saw Burns in this light, the reason was largely Burns himself. On the title-page of the Kilmarnock volume he placed some anonymous lines:

> The Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
> He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
> And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
> Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the
> kindling fire.

But by the time Mr. Daiches has got to the Kilmarnock volume he has already blown the Simple Bard sky-high. His chapter on the *Growth of a Poet* reminds us again of the intensive study under John Murdoch, the schoolmaster engaged by Burns's father, and of the readings in Masson's *Collection of Prose and Verse* (Gray, Shenstone, Dryden, Addison, and so on.) He describes the exercises in paraphrase and synonym—Murdoch himself wrote of "the argillaceous fabric abovementioned" when he meant the Burns's clay cottage—the spirited attempts at *Télémaque* after two weeks' French, the reading aloud of *Titus Andronicus*, which reduced Robert to tears, and thus pleased Murdoch, who appreciated "so much sensibility." We owe the description of this incident to the poet's brother Gilbert; and passages in his letter, quoted by Mr. Daiches ("At this, in an agony of distress, we with one voice desired he would read no more") make it clear that Robert was not the only member of the family to attain a polite style. We are also reminded by Mr. Daiches of the equally important education Burns received, largely from "an old Maid of my Mother's," in folk-songs, ballads, country tales and fairy stories; and of his readings, not inspired by Murdoch, in "the works of our Scotch poets, particularly the excellent Ramsay, and the still more excellent Fergusson."

It was, however, the Shenstone-trained Burns—who wrote of Aeolian harps and rustic reeds, who prized *The Man of Feeling* "next to the Bible"—who chose the epigraph to the Kilmarnock volume. "The Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art" was hardly an exact description of the technician who had already mastered the traditional and tricky Scots measures of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, *The Cherry and the Slae*, and the six-line stanza that he knew as "Standard Habbie" and that we know as the Burns stanza. But, of course, it was never meant as exact description; the joke is that it implied a good deal of sophistication for Burns to be able to see himself as a Simple Bard at all. This creature was a stock eighteenth-century concept, a Noble Savage almost, but touched by divine afflatus: a mute, inglorious Milton who had found a tongue and a printer. And to present himself in this role was an action entirely in the genteel tradition.

All this Mr. Daiches makes clear. Once again the vulgar error has been exposed; once again Burns is shown to be a much more complex poet than those who only know *Auld Lang Syne*, or *A Man's a Man for a' that* would like him to be; for in our day the vulgar error tends to interpret the Heaven-taught ploughman as the Common Man. Mr Daiches is clearly fascinated by this complexity, and by the interplay in Burns of these two literary traditions, the Scots and the genteel, and of a third tradition of folk-song and ballad. He has some good pages on Burns's relations with the *literati* of Edinburgh, and on his dealings with George Thomson, another polite angliciser, over the re-writing of the folk-songs to which he devoted the main poetic energy of his last years. Altogether, Mr. Daiches is at his best in these matters of influences, origins, tastes, and in setting the poems authoritatively in their literary, biographical and social contexts. His commentaries on the poems are excellent and enlightening as long as they are on these lines; but there is too much mere paraphrase or précis. It adds something to our reading of *Tam o' Shanter* to be told that it was based on a folk-tale, and to be given Burns's prose version of it. But does it add anything at all (except, possibly, the point about the pace of the lines) to read:

> Maggie pushes on; the verse—after that sudden slowing down—gains speed again, until Tam and his mare gain the bridge, and safety, for witches cannot cross running water. But Nannie, pressing close behind, had removed poor Maggie's tail. . . .

There is far too much of this sort of plodding commentary; and though Mr. Daiches manages to cover a remarkable number of poems, he has no passage to compare in illumination or insight with, say, Robert Graves's discussion of *John Barleycorn*. His study has already been called "the best all-round modern guide-book to the genius of Burns." Possibly; but it is on something of a pedestrian tour that he conducts us.

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"everything in him is uncertainty and contradiction."

Señor de Madariaga loves historical puzzles of this kind. He has ransacked the most remote public and private archives from Popayán to Puerto Cabello in his search for the answer. He has come to the conclusion that the Napoleonic parallel is essential to an understanding of the South American story. Bolívar was dominated by a secret desire to establish a monarchy or at any rate a *monocracy* in South America. His republican airs are explained by tactical necessities: he was always anxious to clothe in legal forms his *de facto* and irregular power. "The transplantation of European princes to the New World was unwelcome to him, not because he objected to the noun—*princes*—but to the adjective—*European*." There is so much conjecture in the "may haves" and "must haves" of Señor de Madariaga's argument that the case is still not proven. Not sufficient emphasis is given to the monarchical susceptibilities of the European countries whose sympathy Bolívar was anxious to secure. What does become clear beyond all doubt from this study is that the Liberator was never at any time a convincing Liberal. He hankered after social force, after systems of government in which the will of a single man counted for more than either the forms of law or the procedures of debate. Part of the reason for this was the chronic propensity to war among the South American states, and Bolívar was rightly dissatisfied with a community at war which could produce "philosophers instead of leaders, philanthropy instead of legislation, dialectics instead of tactics and sophists instead of soldiers."

Bolívar's disillusionment increased particularly after the failure of the Panamá Congress of 1826, the attempt to form "a society of sister nations" in South America, "united, strong, and capable of withstanding the aggression of foreign powers." Señor de Madariaga, who says surprisingly little about the Panamá meeting, attributes Bolívar's disillusionment rather to the obvious contrast between the relative tranquillity of the Venezuelan town of Caracas in his youth and the anarchy of South America in the last years of his life. In 1783 there was inner peace and social joy in Venezuela under the gentle sway of Church and Crown. As a result of the campaigns for independence, which included an element of pure civil war, terror became a weapon and soldiers talked of *guerra a muerte*. "We are living in terrible days," wrote Bolívar in 1814, "blood flows in streams; three centuries of culture, of enlightenment and of industry have vanished." Sixteen years later he asked how one could possibly imagine that "a whole world could fall into the frenzy of devouring its own kith and kin like animals." "Independence is the only boon we have acquired at the cost of all the others."

The contrast is overdrawn, and the reader is not enlightened by Señor de Madariaga's elaboration of metaphor concerning Bolívar's old age. "As the abstract skies of his mind grew greyer with the sunset of life, the ancestral earth drew him closer to the past." Such sentences confuse rather than clarify. Señor de Madariaga has reacted properly against naive interpretations of Bolívar based on "an erroneous view of the Spanish Empire and a doctrinaire political philosophy fast becoming obsolete." He has added to the library of interpretative studies a new and highly personal one of his own. There can be no final judgment on Bolívar. To adapt a phrase used in a recent biography of Napoleon, "There never was and never can be such a person as everybody's Bolívar."

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Report on Southern Africa. By BASIL DAVIDSON. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The Dilemma of South Africa. By JOHN HATCH. *Dobson.* 18*s.*

Africa South of the Sahara. Prepared by a study group of the SOUTH AFRICAN INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

The South African social order is certainly a portent. Perhaps no other human society has ever negated quite so blankly all that just men everywhere have understood by the good life. It is therefore natural and in a sense wholesome, that for more than a generation past most political commentators on its affairs have spoken in angry, pitiful, disgusted or doom-prophesying tones. That none of the present three books is written in this spirit may be a sign of the times. All agree that the Union's racial conflicts are approaching a new crisis, but all recognise that, however destructive the crisis may turn out to be, South African society can hardly perish utterly. In one form or another it will survive, and in one form or another it will still have to deal with the problem of race relations. Thus their common assumption is that wisdom and goodwill and the cool spirit of science have a part to play in the business, even if it should be too late now to stop the balloon going up. All three, and this is what is novel about them, try to look beyond the balloon.

Africa South of the Sahara is a valuable survey of the resources and potentialities of the continent, and includes a stimulating and provocative foreword by General de Guingand, who was Chief of Staff, 21st Army Group, during the war. It deals with Physical Background, Population and Political Framework, Agricultural Production, Economic Development and Communications, and may be regarded as an extended footnote to Lord Hailey's *African Survey*, bringing that monumental work up to date.

Mr. Hatch is a young man who paid two visits to Africa in 1950 and 1951, talked to all sorts and conditions of people there, and kept his eyes open. He now writes with candour and modesty of what he heard and saw, and offers a sound up-to-date introduction to the South African question in most of its aspects. Without suppressing his own views, he gives a fair account of other people's, and he describes the situation he finds, without labouring to analyse and explain it. He does not often venture upon prediction, but in considering the Union's position in the British Commonwealth, he is struck by the extent to which South African racial policies make nonsense of all that the British Commonwealth professes to stand for, and he asks what the outcome can be. He notes, as Mr. Davidson does also, that when these policies come up for discussion at meetings of the United Nations and are censured by large majorities, the United Kingdom delegates, "to the widespread concern of British people," abstain from voting. According to Mr. Davidson, these abstentions represent an acknowledgment of the South African White supremacy claim, and are the price paid by the British Government for South African participation in the far-reaching agreements of 1951 for strategic co-ordination and mutual military aid up and down the African continent.

Both Mr. Hatch and Mr. Davidson state that the British Government's handling of the case of Seretse Khama is a further illustration of this appeasement line. Mr. Hatch, who sees the British Commonwealth as essentially a multi-racial partnership based on racial equality, concludes: "With India, Pakistan and Ceylon already established as equal members in the Commonwealth, and with the West Indies, the Gold Coast and Nigeria fast approaching that stage, the choice seems obvious. Either the Union will be expelled, or this vast experiment in racial harmony will be destroyed." This may be pitching it rather high. But, speaking more mildly, it is by no means clear that any British Government is wise to antagonise 400 million Indians and Pakistanis and 100 million Africans for the sake of a shaky lien on the good opinion of two million South African Whites.

Mr. Davidson's *Report on Southern Africa*, while strictly a report, like Mr. Hatch's, of things seen and heard during a relatively brief visit, is also a skilful and ambitious attempt to explain in sociological and psychological terms what is happening, and from the basis of this explanation to forecast future trends. The strength of his work is that while he extenuates nothing of the tortured monstrosities of the Union's present social scheme, he has a quickness of sympathy and insight which enables him to discern the half-hidden promise of better things to come. "The men and motives," he says, "that will make the new beginning—the turn towards co-operation between all the inhabitants of South Africa, where real hope alone lies—are already in the field. They are the reasons why a study of South Africa is important to-day, and need by no means be a study of despair."

What is the nature of this real hope? Mr. Davidson sees it in the development of manufacturing industry, which has already disposed of poor White-ism as a major community disorder, and is now forcing an economic integration of White and non-White that agriculture and mining alike were powerless to bring about. It is impossible here to indicate the subtlety and persuasiveness with which Mr. Davidson develops this theme, and shows how the revolt of "manufacturing against mining" implies far-reaching changes in the framework of social and racial relations. But a few of the figures he gives may speak for themselves. In 1930 the number of Africans employed in private manufacturing industry was 80,000, and their average wage was £45 a year. In 1938 the number was 156,000, and the average wage was still £45. By 1948 the number had risen to 308,000, and the average wage was £103. (In the gold mining industry the African labour force has stood at about 300,000 for the last fifteen years, and the average earnings a year of Africans in cash and in kind have totalled about £60.)

In *Africa South of the Sahara* this remark occurs: "The Union is, however, waking up to the fact that the higher the wages earned by a wide stratum of workers, the better the possibilities are of marketing the output of manufac-

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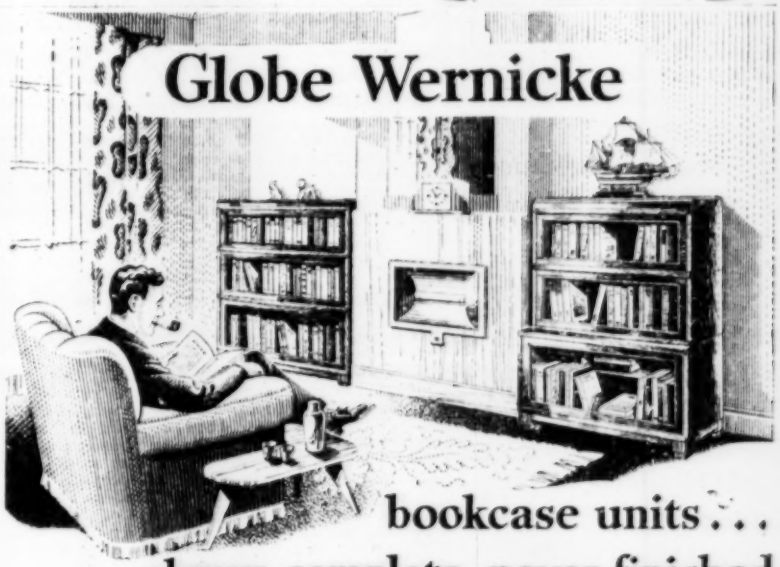

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turing industry." In the brief, bald phrase a muffled bell tolls for the death alike of *apartheid* and of the economic supremacy of the gold mines. A new industrial revolution is under way in the Union. Mr. Davidson discovers solid ground for hoping that, as it runs its course, it will be more potent to reshape the existing social order than the colour prejudice of white-skinned bigots will be to preserve it. The decisive factor in the next phase of South Africa's social development is likely to be the interests of the industrial workers rather than those of the Transvaal Chamber of Mines or of Afrikaaner nationalism. Of the industrial workers, downtrodden and disinherited as they now seem, the great and increasing majority are and will be Africans.

LEONARD BARNES

SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD

Shakespeare's Histories at Stratford 1951. By J. DOVER WILSON and T. C. WORSLEY. Foreword by ANTHONY QUAYLE. *Reinhardt.* 15*s.*

Actor, scholar, and dramatic critic collaborating in a permanent record of the remarkable 1951 Stratford Festival—this is something new and valuable. Suppose Garrick and Johnson, or Kean, Hazlitt and another had got together thus, what exciting documents in stage history we would have!... The complete cycle of the Histories had not been given since 1905, and to see them in continuity brought out new values. The underlying theme of kingship emerged as it never can in detached performance. *Richard II* became less the tragedy of Richard than the rise of Bolingbroke. Confidently and sympathetically Prince Hal grew into Shakespeare's ideal king, and the problem of Falstaff disappeared. The professor indeed would not have us waste a single tear over that unrepentant old cynic; but the actor could not go quite so far, and in the end did not deny him the touch of pathos which every spectator knows in his heart to be right. For there *is* a Falstaff "problem," and the old Bradleian virus is not so easily charmed out of our systems. Nor does the professor ask why—on his reading of the rejection—Shakespeare, having got his audience where he wanted it, could not leave well alone, but in the next play gave the old rogue the most moving of death scenes.

The critic with his sure sense of the theatre, and *more suo* hitting a nail clean on the head in every phrase, reviews production and performance, and sets his own impressions alongside those of his colleagues. It is fascinating to compare them—different as the nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and (almost) every one of them right. The mere amateur who followed that season may as well make it seventy with some of his own memories. That permanent set to him spelt monotony. Ingenious and pleasing as it was, with its panoply of kingship on one side and rustic emblems on the other, it did not prevent his eye from longing for a change of scene, or keep his mind from wondering how they were going to use it next. This is in part why *Henry IV* taken at a stretch over matinée and evening proved something of a strain. He recalls, too, Richard Burton's puzzled, boyish Henry V, a most touching performance and no doubt historically right: dramatically hardly so, for it lacked the vital Elgar trumpet note—as one critic puts it; the actor was playing against the spirit of Shakespeare's Henry. And Michael Redgrave's brilliant highly studied Hotspur. "Home keeping youths have ever homely wits"—and no doubt Doric accents too; yet odd that his parents spoke the King's English. This point does not seem to have worried the critics, but surely that Northumbrian burr and stammer came from a misunderstanding of the text. Lady Percy's remark about Hotspur "speaking thick" means rapid speech, not clouded country utterance. This was once more a touch of that over-cleverness which of recent years has tended to make disturbing appearances at Stratford, where of all places Shakespeare should be the plain man's Shakespeare.

Finally, *our* critic asks if this presentation suggests that Shakespeare originally designed the Histories from *Richard II* to *Henry V* as one great play in four parts. As a man of the theatre his answer is No, and we feel that this is the right answer. Yet to see them as such was a noble stimulating experience which can happen only once in a lifetime. That is what Stratford contributed to the Festival year: an English season grandly conceived and greatly carried out.

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AULD HORNIE

Witchcraft. By FENNETHORNE HUGHES. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

An interest in the supernatural is, we are told, symptomatic of a society in decline, and it is perhaps significant that, quite apart from the Sunday paper astrologers and such bogus adepts as the late unlamented Aleister Crowley, the production of books about witchcraft and allied subjects seems to have increased notably since the first world war. Among the more serious contributions have been those of Montague Summers, Charles Williams, Miss Christina Hole and Professor E. M. Butler; and all of these (with the possible exception of Summers) owe much to the remarkable investigations of Professor Margaret Murray, whose *The Witch-cult in Western Europe* was published as early as 1921.

Mr. Pennethorne Hughes is no exception, and acknowledges his debt to Professor Murray, though he differs from her in some of the views which he now holds. His approach is, as he says, eclectic and historical, he is "neither a theologian, an occultist nor a materialist"—and such negative qualifications, in a work of this kind, are probably desirable. The disadvantage of such an attitude is that too great a detachment may prevent the writer from forming any conclusions of his own—and, in fact, Mr. Hughes is, generally speaking, unwilling to commit himself in the matter of belief or disbelief. His own interest in the subject, it may be added, began frivolously enough, for he was one of those who (with Mr. Calder-Marshall and the late Hugh Speaight) attempted to form a coven at Oxford in 1928. (A full account of this notable undertaking is given in Mr. Calder-Marshall's *The Magic of My Youth*). Mr. Hughes mentions this circumstance, however, merely in order to point out that witchcraft was, so to speak, "in the air" at that date, and that, if his own initial approach—and that of his fellow warlocks—was flippant, the Oxford "Black Mattins" did at least suggest to him that the cult of the Horned God was a subject worthy of serious treatment.

He has now, a quarter of a century afterwards, written what I take to be the best and most comprehensive survey of the subject which has so far appeared. A professional historian, he has read widely and intelligently, and his treatment is both scholarly and humane. He traces the history of the Black God from his paleolithic beginnings, through the cults of Egypt, Greece and Rome, up to his reappearance as the forbidden, dualistic complement of official Christianity in the Middle Ages. (In dealing with mediæval witchcraft, Mr. Hughes does not, perhaps, attach sufficient importance to the crypto-dæmonic heresies of the time—in particular that of the Cathari, for whose connection with the witch-cult Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson has made out a plausible if not altogether convincing case.) Thenceforward Mr. Hughes follows the vestigial manifestations of the "Old Religion" (it is still so called in Italy) through the Age of Reason up to our own day, though permitting himself only a passing reference to contemporary orgies at Brighton (one could wish that this aspect of the subject were better documented). He is, as I have said, unwilling for the most part to commit himself: thus one is not sure how far he agrees or disagrees with Professor Murray in her views upon Jeanne d'Arc (and upon Gilles de Rais). Yet here are the facts, such as they are: you pays your money and (according to your temperament) you takes your choice. The maddening part about writing such a book must be the innumerable lacunæ in the extant accounts of cult-practice: thus, in a list of eighty-seven suspected persons, in 1584, occurs a reference to "Ould Birtles, the great devil"; one would give a good deal to know more about Ould Birtles, and about a good many other practitioners whose activities we can only guess at from their own confessions or from the evidence of witnesses at their trials. Take, for example, Isobel Gowdie, the seventeenth-century witch of Morayshire: her confession is one of the fullest and most detailed on record, and reads in parts like a surrealist poem; yet we shall never, one supposes, learn much more about the circumstances of her life.

Mr. Hughes's book is well written, though occasionally marred by facetiousness. One could wish that he had attempted a rather deeper exploration of cult-symbolism: an approach from the Jungian point of view might, for instance, have proved rewarding, if inconclusive (one remembers Mr. Layard's fascinating book, *The Lady of the Hare*). However, this is a good book, and seems likely to remain the best one on the subject for a long time to come.

JOCELYN BROOKE

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Writing in a series called "Twentieth Century Histories," Mr. Gorham might be considered particularly fortunate in his assignment. No subject could slip more neatly into the period; the first wireless transmission had been made in 1899. And, on the face of it, who better fitted to write the history of broadcasting in this country than Mr. Gorham? He joined the British Broadcasting Company in 1926; he left the British Broadcasting Corporation in 1947, having been the

inaugurator of the Light Programme and Controller of Television. Yet it would be idle to pretend that he has written a good or a valuable book. A history he has written, but in a pretty perfunctory way:

> Many listeners, indifferent to foreign affairs or exhausted by the long-drawn crisis, found their entertainment in serial plays like *The Prisoner of Zenda*, tuneful music like Louis Levy's "Music from the Movies" and Geraldo's "Dancing Through," the crazy humour of "Danger!—Men at Work!" or the more straightforward guffaws of Saturday-Night Music Hall. Music-lovers revelled in the broadcasts from the London Music Festival . . . .

The best part of the book, in fact, lies in its first two chapters, in the accounts of the pre-history of broadcasting and of the purely fortuitous way in which broadcasting as we now know it came into being as a novelty no one quite knew what to do with. One is glad to be reminded, for example, of—

> the Rose-bowl Model Hornless Loud Speaker of 1926, which looked just like an ordinary rose-bowl and was guaranteed to perform equally well whether empty or filled with water and flowers.

Mr. Gorham, it seems to me, falls into a trap from the very beginning. He is aware of it but never escapes it. He notes in his introduction: "So much has British broadcasting become identified with the British Broadcasting Corporation that the Corporation is often praised or blamed for all that broadcasting has done, much of which it would have done whoever had been in charge." This is surely true, but having said it, Mr. Gorham goes to write what is substantially the history of the B.B.C., and once again we are regaled with stories of talking mongooses and the piping over the side of Admiral Carpendale, stories which would be interesting if we hadn't heard them a hundred times before but which, in any case, have precious little to do with broadcasting.

It seems that writers on broadcasting would always rather deal with the organisation of broadcasting than with what is broadcast and its effect, if any, on the listener and the national life. Professor Siepmann's *Radio, Television and Society*, which, incidentally, Mr. Gorham does not refer to, was even more disappointing than Mr. Gorham's book since it was so much more ambitious. There is, of course, a good reason for this emphasis on organisation. Touch, however gingerly, on the matter of what is broadcast and immediately you are plunged into a consideration of values and run a grave risk of bogging yourself down in even more treacherous morasses. It is fundamental to radio that it can be approached from so many different angles: as a means of communication comparable in its revolutionary influence on men's lives with printing; as an easy means of supplying listeners "with feelings by an efficient band"; as something that may on occasion be an art in its own right, as the film is; as an essential factor in the techniques of modern government and warfare. You may see broadcasting from any or all these points of view; which means that to write on broadcasting is necessarily to write on other things as well. Concentrate on radio as a means of entertainment and as soon as you step outside the consideration of, say, the success or otherwise of specific variety programmes, you must be concerned with the whole question of contemporary culture; in the same way, dealing with discussion programmes or documentary features, you are faced with all the implications of modern methods of persuasion. And even, if as Mr. Gorham mainly does, you see broadcasting merely as something that emanates from Portland Place, you have first to decide the relation between the B.B.C. and the tradition of English life. You have first to answer the question: Is the ethos of the B.B.C. truly national, or is it simply accidental, the product of its first Director-General, who became Director-General by the simple means of answering an advertisement in a newspaper with only a little technical knowledge of the invention whose exploitation he was to direct?

However the writer approaches broadcasting his motto had better be "In the destructive element immerse," for unless he takes the plunge into the depths that surround his subject he is unlikely to produce anything very valuable. The real criticism of Mr. Gorham's book is that he tackles broadcasting, apart from the way it is organised in this country, at the level of the "Both Sides of the Microphone" columns in *The Radio Times*. The level is absolutely right in a weekly programme summary: it is inadequate for the historian.

WILLIAM SALTER

"PASTOR CORYDON"

Corydon. By ANDRÉ GIDE. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Eulenberg libel-suit of 1907 unbared the existence of widespread sexual deviation among German noblemen and (which exposure was the more appalling?) German milkmen. A happier consequence was that it helped two great homosexual writers, Proust and Gide, to produce new works. The narrator of Gide's *Corydon*, a convinced and militant heterosexual, is greatly perturbed by the Eulenburg scandal, and visits his former schoolfriend, Corydon, a homosexual and doctor of medicine, in search of expert information. Corydon obliges; for four livelong days, in four dialogues which are in every sense of the word Socratic, he demonstrates that what is conventionally called "unnatural vice" is both natural and a virtue. From entomology, biology and zoology he constructs a Darwinian theory of the evolutionary necessity of homosexuality; from history he proves that the exclusive love of women is a morbid symptom of decadence in art, state and the family; and from sociology he shows that the deplorable prevalence of heterosexuality is chiefly due to the warping forces of education and convention, and that homosexuals make excellent husbands and fathers. Fortunately, the fifth day, on which Corydon, one feels, might have advocated long sentences in Reading Gaol for the average man, never comes: the narrator retires, "certain that some statements are more convincingly answered by a well-calculated silence than by any words, however carefully chosen."

Like all the works he called "critical", Gide's book is, intentionally, comic as well as serious. Outworn conventions, he knew, are based on irrational taboos, and taboos are best overthrown not by reasoned argument, but by raising the stakes, by using satirical overstatement to goad the reader into thinking for himself. English readers may perhaps best appreciate the ironic method of *Corydon* by comparing it with a classic of their own, a novel which proves, with a similar outrageousness, that crime is a disease and disease a crime, that religion tends to be a form of banking and banking a form of religion, and that machines are alive and mean to destroy the human race. As a satire *Corydon* is analogous to *Erewhon*. It is satire that makes it more than a treatise in propaganda and amateur science, that gives it wit, formal beauty and level upon level of meaning, and saves it as a work of art.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

ANGLO-SAXON ART

The Oxford History of English Art: Vol. II, 871-1100. By D. TALBOT RICE. *Oxford.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

English Drawings of the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries. By FRANCIS WORMALD. *Faber.* 30*s.*

That the English were the most cultured and brilliant people in Europe in the seventh century has long been acknowledged, but the second flowering of Anglo-Saxon genius, between about 950 and 1050, has only recently been recognised. That is perhaps because its greatest achievements were in the visual arts rather than in scholarship or poetry. These two authoritative books, both with plates reproducing a wealth of fascinating and little known material, should establish the period as one of the most sensitive and original in the history of art.

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HUTCHINSON

Professor Talbot Rice's book covers the whole field from architecture to pottery and embroidery. Even from the fragmentary evidence which remains—he quotes literary sources which show that what we have is only a fraction of what was produced, and much of the surviving sculpture is tragically defaced—even so, one sees here a fully developed art quite distinct in feeling from the preceding Carolingian, the succeeding Romanesque, or the contemporary Ottonian styles. It is an art with an extraordinary spiritual quality. There is not the Romanesque mastery of dramatic pattern nor the Ottonian splendour of vision but something gentler, sometimes agitated, sometimes serene, but always humane and with a very rare penetration behind externals to the very heart of human sensibility. For the art historian it is a period which raises particular and confusing problems. Apart from some of the MSS, most of the dating must be done on stylistic grounds, and this is complicated by the fact that this is externally an art of types. We know that normally these artists used models from which they copied not only the disposition but even the gestures of their figures. Their art is living because these well-known themes were at the centre of Christian experience; they chose to re-interpret them because they were interested in the universal, not the particular. But, of course, the question of the sources on which they drew is of great historical interest.

Professor Talbot Rice writes as a Byzantinist. It is his thesis that this second Anglo-Saxon renaissance was inspired from Constantinople either directly or through contacts with the Ottonian Empire; he sees this English art, therefore, in relation to contemporary Continental civilisation rather than to its own past or to the Nordic world. He sees the inspiration at its height about the turn of the century and already waning at the Conquest, though the choice of 1100 as a terminal date suggests that both author and editor wish to stress the importance of the Anglo-Saxon survival. The most interesting part of this book is, perhaps, the section on sculpture in which the Romsey rood, the York Madonna, the Chichester reliefs, and other disputed masterpieces, are ascribed to the early eleventh century instead of to the Byzantine manner of the next century. It is a courageous book which gives the reader a comprehensive survey of the material known and the literature concerned, and includes a well-conceived sketch of the historical background. It is not altogether free from errors. One might suggest that the tympanum at Charney Bassett may represent Alexander rather than David. Might not script proper as well as decorated initials have been included? Surely it was at this period an art?

In contrast, Professor Wormald limits himself ruthlessly. He writes only of drawings, excluding all painted manuscript pictures, and of these his analysis is severely stylistic. He has chosen, however, perhaps the most fascinating and characteristic of the Saxon productions and has grouped them in a new and illuminating way which opens one's eyes to subtle differences of line. Surely, though, he over-emphasises the tendency to reduce "pictorial composition" to terms of pattern, or, rather, is not this phrase like the use of the term "illusionistic" just a description of a manner of drawing only, not of the artist's representational intentions behind? What he has done is done with such mastery that one wishes he had also allowed himself to share with us something more of his knowledge both of the artists' deeper intentions and of their attitude to their particular subject matter, to them surely the heart of their work? The book, however, unquestionably reveals the Anglo-Saxons as among the greatest of draughtsmen; masters of expressive line sometimes ethereal, now staccato, now baroque; it is only a pity that the one colour plate shows inadequately their enchanting habit of drawing in different coloured inks, varied not for any representational reason but apparently for sheer pleasure in the clear colours. The catalogue of MSS in which these drawings occur is packed with information and should be invaluable to the scholars to whom this book is primarily addressed.

NICOLETE GRAY

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NEW NOVELS

Chance Acquaintances. By COLETTE. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s* 6*d*.
Unreal City. By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Cape.* 12*s*. 6*d*.
The House of Men. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *Bodley Head.* 11*s*. 6*d*.
The Green Man. By STORM JAMESON. *Macmillan.* 15*s*.
Poor Cousin Evelyn. By JAMES YAFFE. *Constable.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

To read these five books in the above order is to descend a long ladder of sophistication. On the topmost rung, her arm curved and upraised in the triumphant pose assumed by female acrobats in the music-halls of her youth, stands the incomparable Colette. At the end of each of these two *contes*, *Julie de Carneilhan* and *Chance Acquaintances* (*Chambre d'Hôtel*), both admirably translated by Mr. Patrick Leigh-Fermor, we can watch her taking her curtains. Five, six . . . ten! After fifty years, her public still confesses Mme Colette Top of the Bill in the world of literary entertainment. It is a position only challenged by that other great trouper, Mr. Somerset Maugham.

Her books are far from being mere entertainments. They have a freshness, a wit, a tangy perfume that comes only from a real marriage of art and nature. Colette is the last of the genuine, unabashed Pagans; Pomona's apples roll in her wake. She is Lucretius's nurturing Venus in tailored coat and skirt, yet when she wraps herself in the aegis of Mount Ida she can deliver pithy Olympian judgments on mortals. In the foreground are the raptures and the tumbled beds, the bloom of peaches and the smell of coffee grounds, the Bois and the sunlight, the heartache and the forswearing. Yet through it all, we can catch the harsh clangour of Aphrodite's platitudes: "To exaggerate the sorrows of love is tantamount to an indiscretion," or "In our latitudes, women are without pity for men who have been deceived."

Like most goddesses, Colette is an old hand at metamorphosis. In *Julie de Carneilhan* she is the sentimental yet flawlessly objective observer, telling the story of a typical Colette woman—the Parisian "of a certain age" worried by lovers and money. In the second story, accompanied by her famous cat—Colette is almost alone in being able to write of animals enchantingly yet without slobber—she is at a watering-place among strangers and we watch her almost turn into a cat herself, bristling, purring, arching her back at her companions' infidelities, devotions and despairs. And like her cat, when she has had enough of X-les-Bains and its inhabitants, she gets quietly up, stretches, licks the cream off her whiskers and walks delicately back to Paris.

Mr. Liddell is also at the goddess's feet, though his novel is concerned with the kind of love which shrieks its name most loudly in the Eastern Mediterranean. This is Venus Mechanitis, passion couched in fuss and intrigue; here hearts are brittle things, to be snapped at the slam of a door or the toss of a head or a saucy look exchanged between Martinis. The *Unreal City* is Alexandria in wartime, its hero an eccentric Greek queer named Eugenides, his confidant an English maiden gentleman whom events have cast up on the shores of the Cavafy country. A lonely figure on that etiolated coast, Charles is mourning a sister who has been killed in an air raid. Mr. Liddell conveys his sense of lost bearings poignantly and with a beautiful exactitude that he is unable to give to his hero. Eugenides, for all his amusing fits and starts, remains a deadweight. He is without Charlus's universality or Mr. Norris's sharpness. He is just a homosexual Ancient Mariner, another soggy old bore.

In almost every line of his treatise on the novel, Mr. Liddell implied his passion for Jane Austen, and this book, despite its exotic ambiance, is consciously modelled on the recipes of her spinsterly genius. It is clever, witty, missish and tenderly written. It catches magnificently the atmosphere of a city "anciently vulgar, like Pompeii," yet in spirit it is worlds away from Great Jane. Miss Austen never affected to see life whole, but she saw it with a fixed steadiness unrivalled in any literature. Mr. Liddell sees it from Charles's wobbly standpoint, that of one who both fears and yet assiduously runs after personal relationships. Spiky and cloying at the same time, the book swings uneasily between Eugenides's arch ruttishness and Charles's prissy moralising. Its central situation—the shaming of Eugenides by a drunken R.A.F. Adonis—is an inadequate dénouement. All Miss Austen's qualities of direction, narrative, and, above all, development of character, are missing.

M. Aymé now has a fair-sized band of admirers in this country. His novels are perhaps an acquired taste and this reviewer must confess that he has not wholly developed it. To read Aymé is to take one of those long Métro journeys to the outskirts of Paris—*direction* Clichy or Mairie des Lilas—that we all make when we first visit that city. The excursion is long and fatiguing and somehow it is never quite as amusing as we expected. We are glad to get back to the hackneyed centre, to the quais and the bars and the statues. M. Aymé's fantasies have the right ingredients—wit, irony, pathos, abundance of good dialogue and comic situation—yet somehow they are all dispersed and unorganised. The eccentricity, the whimsy, is too piled on, too deliberately contrived. And like our Métro journey, it all goes on far too long.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of good things in *The House of Men*. The story of a grocer who improperly inherits a mysterious block of flats in a dim suburb, it has all M. Aymé's usual atmosphere. Jamaloi, the Red grocer, whose Communism "derived principally from the ardour of a timid elderly man who saw in it a means of loving his fellow-men with a quiet heart" and

who "spoke the words 'revolution,' 'soviet,' 'Russia' as though they were declarations of love," is a rich character. If M. Josserand, the school-teacher, is a faint echo of M. Bergeret, his daughter Clémentine, in love with a socially undesirable accordionist, is a charming portrait. There is Liliane the prostitute, Jardin the suicidal engineer, M. Lonjumier the apéritif dealer. A witty diffuse book which others will probably enjoy far more whole-heartedly than I did myself.

The Green Man and *Poor Cousin Evelyn* are representative specimens—though very much above average—of conventional types of English and American fiction. Miss Jameson's 750-page novel is the English Family Saga: the writer attempts to interpret the Britain of the Thirties and Forties with its hidden springs of power, shifting values and social upheavals by reflecting it for us through the fortunes and personalities of two families. It is a generous conception and the author has tackled it nobly. *The Green Man* is that rare thing in fiction, the genuine middle-brow novel, immensely readable, bulging with outsized characters, at once strangely banal and strikingly perceptive.

Mr. Yaffe's short stories deal mostly with a kind of New York life popularised by Dorothy Parker and they vary immensely in value. Except that they eschew punch-lines and "black-out" situations, the best might well be found in any recent issue of the *New Yorker*, and they have the limitations and the advantages of that medium. The best are as good as *Mr. Feldman*, the worst as bad as *A Question of Being Business-like*. Readers are recommended to begin with an oddly poignant little tale, *The Refugees*. Mr. Yaffe is only twenty-three and we may expect a good deal from him in the future.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Fountains in Trafalgar Square. By C. K. MUNRO. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Books about the Civil Service tend to be written either by retired permanent Civil Servants with immense experience, memories rather agreeable than otherwise—since the disgruntled failures don't write books—and a knowledge which is at least wider than that of any outsider; or else by amateurs grinding political axes with a modest assiduity. The best book in the former class is Mr. H. E. Dale's *The Higher Civil Service of Great Britain*, and *The Fountains in Trafalgar Square*—an unfortunately facetious title for a quite serious book—does not seriously challenge it, although it inevitably covers some of the same ground. Yet Mr. Munro's book is interesting throughout; and, particularly where it deals with the difference between regulative and constructive administrative work and the kind of temperament and abilities which each requires, it is also instructive and also illuminating.

The information he supplies on other topics, for instance the role of the Private Office in a Government Department, is probably not widely known outside Whitehall. Even when he covers familiar ground, such as Civil Service language, or "the soulless bureaucrat," Mr. Munro writes with a knowledge crisply and even gracefully conveyed. This book makes no attempt to be that scholarly, practical and probing examination of the Civil Service in a changing society which is so much needed, but it is an amiable and able work of a kind needed to combat both honest ignorance and disingenuous propaganda.

The Face of London. By HAROLD P. CLUNN. *Phœnix House.* 30*s.*

London Mystery and Mythology. By WILLIAM KENT. *Staples.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

How Mr. Clunn managed it we shall never know, but he seems to have walked or ridden down nearly every street in London. And London for him "comprises not only the whole County of London but all the suburban districts," stretching to Romford, Uxbridge, Watford, and Orpington. All this he covers in twenty-five walks, four drives, and an outlying sweep: one chapter for each. Seven hundred square miles are packed into six hundred and thirty pages, and the publisher's claim of thoroughness can certainly not be disputed. For a particular kind of knowledge—dates, sites, features, and costs of buildings—the book has its value: a value that may grow as the London face here recorded takes on a new look. If we want to know where Bumpus or Buszard once stood, here is the reference book to tell us. Mr. Clunn has an attentive, a more than admiring eye for commerce. Many a bank, shop, block of flats or offices exacts his "magnificent," while Greenwich Hospital is only "imposing" and the displacement of the old Regent Street by the new "an auspicious occasion." Mr. Clunn seems quite to lack the aesthetic sense; and that is perhaps just as well because otherwise he could hardly have found the patience to complete his monstrous if utilitarian task.

In *London Mystery and Mythology*, Mr. Kent demolishes a number of legends, ranging from the Mermaid tavern to Dick Whittington's cat, and the Roman bath off the Strand to the Cock Lane ghost. Not much of the time-honoured gossip remains when he has finished. He reveals among other things that many plaque-lovers hold to their ascriptions long after these have been exploded. These fifty or so essays clear away a good deal of picturesque rubbish, and make curious reading.

The French Mind. Studies in honour of Gustave Rudler. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Twenty of his colleagues and former pupils have prepared this symposium as an eightieth birthday tribute to Professor Rudler, who for 30 years held the Marshal Foch Chair of French Literature at Oxford. Their *hommage*, elegantly written, erudite and capable of sprightliness, is as appropriate to Professor Rudler as it is to the contemporary School which he has done so much to shape.

University courses are notorious for their tendency to dwell in the past, but these studies, ranging from the sixteenth to the early twentieth century, are strikingly rich in allusions to current literature. Mr. Robert Shackleton concludes his essay on "The Cloister Theme in French Pre-romanticism" with a long quotation from Aragon; Dr. Alison Fairlie pays tribute to Sartre in her essay on Baudelaire; Mr. J. M. Thompson makes a vigorous comparison of Rousseau's *Confessions* with the Prefaces of Shaw. Even when the allusions are not direct, there is a refreshingly contemporary air about the studies, a total absence of the fustiness which some people persist in equating with the atmosphere of scholarship. Mrs. Gerard Davis contributes a charming portrait of a Renaissance bluestocking—one of the long line of *femmes savantes* whose descendants are happily still to be found in our universities; 300 pages and as many years away, Dr. Enid Starkie displays her legendary blend of liveliness and learning in an account of Rimbaud and Verlaine collaborating on a dirty sonnet in order to bedevil an acquaintance. Between these feminine extremes lies a rich layer of profitable research, exploited in an exemplary manner by scholars whose studies have never blinded them to the world outside.

Majority. An Anthology of 21 Years of Publishing. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

"As I waddle along in thick black overcoat and dark suit with a leather brief-case under my arm, I smile to think how this costume officially disguises the wild and storm-tossed figure of Palinurus." The image might be taken for this stout tome of 1035 pages in which the apostle of *Angst* and many another strange companions are so tidily contained. A volume though, which offers the whole of *The Unquiet Grave*, two complete novels (*The Pursuit of Love* by Nancy Mitford and *The Outsider* by Albert Camus), plays by Sartre and Terence Rattigan, drawings and writing by Thurber, and some thirty other items short or long, presents an exceptional resistance to the ordinary querulous niceties of criticism. What the book does invite is a meditation on its unifying feature—the taste of Mr. Hamish Hamilton, whose twenty-first birthday as a publisher this generous if formidable collection celebrates. It is a taste liberal, humorous, sophisticated, bold though not eccentric; in the van of current opinion and expression which its range of works rather effectively illustrates. The "other items," in fact, include poetry, critical essays

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(chiefly on French and English novelists); autobiographical chapters by Stephen Spender and Ludwig Bemelmans; a piece of lexicography by Eric Partridge; views of America (John Gunther), Wales (Jack Jones), London (R. J. Cruikshank), Renaissance Italy (Alan Moorehead—a striking portrait, this, of the poet Poliziano) and two outstandingly good short stories; one by John Collier, one J. D. Salinger's *To Esmé—With Love and Squalor*. A Chaucerian pilgrimage of authors, indeed, a former nun, even (Miss Monica Baldwin) to lead the procession with a superb report on Convent Life, and the late Denton Welch, the very pattern of all sad explorers of their own sensitive childhoods, as the final traveller. While it is no book for the bedside (too weighty, too various), nor a shelf-piece for the gentleman's library (if such a room still exists), it has, like Gibbon's history, the merit of being one of the few readable volumes available which even the fastest of readers cannot consume in a day's uninterrupted journey.

Child Adoption in the Modern World. By MARGARET KORNITZER. *Putnam*. 16s.

It is almost criminally feckless—although it is still fairly common—to adopt a child without the legal formalities now consolidated in the Adoption Act, 1950; but to do it formally (and sensibly) is far more difficult than getting married and rather more difficult than getting divorced. Not only the complications of the process but also the manifest social reasons for them are set out in this book by the press officer to the Adoption Societies' Standing Conference. Cogently and agreeably written, it is the best book on child adoption since the custom, already centuries old, was first legally recognised and safeguarded in 1926.

It exposes for the first time the incredible varieties of procedure which still divide the 55 adoption societies in England and Wales, the local authorities' "children's officers," and the countless different courts having jurisdiction in the matter. Miss Kornitzer has been commendably thorough. She explains and examines every aspect of the adoption question, human, legal, administrative, economic, and social; and she has done what so few authors of such books attempt—she has found out the practices of other countries and set them up for convenient comparison. Except for her unaccountable omission of the text of the 1950 Act, she has packed in everything of relevance—without the slightest appearance of overcrowding or the smallest lapse into the fast-growing jargon of social science. Her book reflects an interesting personality; and what is of paramount importance in view of its purpose, its factual and legal references are careful and accurate.

The New You and Heredity. By AMRAM SCHEINFELD. *Chatto & Windus*. 25s.

This popular book has been totally rewritten, much for the worse. Its length and pretensions are now much greater, and its 600 pages include discussions of "behaviour," sex life and evolution, as well as topics more directly related to human genetics. As before, there is much instructive or entertaining detail, rather wordily expounded, and evidence of a vast search through the literature for items of special interest. There is a large bibliography. But too much has been put in for coherence, and some chapters, for instance that on evolution, are quite misleading. Even on topics such as race the reader is likely to be left in a state of confusion. The main reason for this is that the fundamental problem of heredity and environment, which enters into every part of genetics, is inadequately dealt with. The author has attempted too much and produced a hotch-potch.

Ports and Harbours. By F. W. MORGAN. *Hutchinson*. 8s. 6d.

Somebody will one day write a fascinating history of the influence of ports, from Carthage to Scapa Flow, New York to Rotterdam, on the political development of the world—a sort of complement to Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power*. Mr. Morgan's aim has been less ambitious, and his approach to ports as an element in economic geography is somewhat pedestrian. Nevertheless, this new volume in the University Library should serve as a useful textbook. It describes succinctly the various factors which have gone to determine the siting of the ports, and includes a brief but informative account of the main divisions of shipping trade by which the functional utilisation of ports is determined.

You must read

WRITERS OF TODAY, No. 2

C. P. SNOW

Maurice Cranston analyses the work, personality and scientific background of the author of "The Masters" in this fascinating study.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,169

Set by Dora Forbes

W. H. Mallock once compiled the following recipe for a poem by Matthew Arnold:

Take one soul-ful of involuntary unbelief, which has been previously well flavoured with self-satisfied despair. Add to this one beautiful text of Scripture. Mix them well together, and as soon as ebullition commences, grate in finely a few regretful allusions to the New Testament and the Lake of Tiberias, one constellation of stars, half a dozen allusions to the nineteenth century, one to Goethe, one to Mont Blanc or the Lake of Geneva, and one also, if possible, to some personal bereavement. Flavour the whole with a mouthful of "faiths" and "infinites," and a *mixed* mouthful of "passions," "finities," and "yearnings." This class of poem is usually concluded with some question, about which we have to observe only that it shall be impossible to answer.

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word recipe for a characteristic work by T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Charles Morgan, Walter de la Mare, François Mauriac, J. P. Sartre or Angus Wilson.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,166

Set by R. K. Buchanan

It has been stated in the House of Commons that the sex of a pelican can be determined by swinging a cork on a thread in front of it—for a male the cork swings in a line, for a female, it goes round in circles. Competitors are invited to describe physical experiments suitable for determining the truthfulness of a politician, the quality of a book, the popular appeal of an actor, the fidelity of a spouse, the difference between butter and margarine.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

In a very entertaining entry I particularly enjoyed some bits of complicated apparatus: "Erect a small guillotine," briskly began D. L. L. Clarke (it was the test for butter, not politicians); while Nancy Gunter required "a portable dog, of equable temperament." The book tests have all been filed for further proof in the Great Turnstile laboratory of literary research: but there should be no difficulty in laying hands immediately on the raw materials for Edward Blishen's test, which involves laying the new work between a Henry James and a Proust—or, when a snap judgement is urgently needed on a whole batch, immersion in boiling ink and interpretation according to the Pritchett-Mortimer-Connolly colour chart." Appletree gets First Prize, two guineas, for an outstanding entry; Elaine Morgan, the only other to win five credits, one guinea; half a guinea to Allan M. Laing, H. A. C. Evans, P. M., Robert Gaffikin, E. Roland North and J. C. Smith, who each provide two or more winners in the tabulated list below. I should also like to thank the competitor from Geneva who hoped that his set of tests (based on discoveries by Till Eulenspiegel and Cyrano de Bergerac) would "help English culture a good bit along its strugglesome path."

For the truthfulnesse of a publick Man: Carry a dead Ratte by the taile, but privily, when he spekes: if the body fall away, trust him Not.

To trv a Boke: holde neare a lighted taper: if this flicker, the matter is mustie; or crackle, the manner is drie; or burn strait, enlightenment repayeth travail.

For a Player: pelt him with Ham and egges; if the egges hit, he is liked; if the Ham, despised.

A jealous husband may hang on two wyre snippets of a Stagge's antler; if they sway him toward, he is a cuckold; but if steddy, She is chaste.

A housewife doubteth the butter: it being melted and laid at mid-poynt 'twixt a milch-cow and a growndc-nutt, will stryve to flow agayne (say the physitians of Vienne) into the wombe, as it were, where it beganne. APPLETRSE

Politician: Stand facing him and without warning roll a small log in his direction. Watch for an involuntary rotary movement of one or both hands—the "Tammany reflex."

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Book : Count the number of words on the first two pages. If you are still counting at the bottom of page 2, the book is no good.

Actor : Grip one of his buttons between finger and thumb, and pull sharply. If the cloth tears before the button comes away, it indicates deficiency either in popularity, or the ability to profit from experience.

Spouse : Ask her to lie on the grass while you walk round her gripping a forked hazel twig. If she consents, set your mind at rest : she's crazy about you.

Butter : Take the week's ration and bury it at the crossroads. One week later, greet your wife with the words, " Good morning, darling." If she replies, it was margarine. ELAINE MORGAN

From the other entries I select the following :

Truthfulness of a Politician : Get voter to kick him in pants. The liar will swear it was his fault. The truthful politician—but so far, this test has not revealed him (ALLAN M. LAING). He is to answer Yes or No to the question : " Are you a truthful politician ? " If he answers Yes, you will know he is a liar : if he answers No, you will know he is telling the truth (H. A. C. EVANS). Adjust a fine silk or hair* noose round thrapple. In certain cases this will snap when a lie sticks in the throat, but normally the noose is found intact (P. M.). Take away his braces. Play the National Anthem. If he stands up immediately he is an honest man (L. G. UDALL). The truthfulness of a politician is discovered by throwing him high into the air. If he returns to the ground, he is not truthful ; if he fails to return to the ground he is probably not a politician (ERIC SWANSON).

* " Hair Splitting "

Quality of a Book : Let it simmer in a saucepan with onions for two hours. Then offer for sale in any North English holiday resort. If it sells quickly, it is tripe (ROBERT GAFFIKIN). Place the MS. in a Penguin's nest. If it hatches out into a Penguin, it is of good quality (ANNIE ALLEN). Books of quality will be found to act magnetically on old men who are trying to make their way to chimney corners (RONALD HAYMAN).

Popularity of an Actor : Make him cover three blank sheets with his autograph. If it takes him more than two minutes fourteen seconds to do so, he is not popular (HANS FELBER). Place actor in barrel on stage. You may assess his popularity by the number of roles it takes to get him over the footlights. (P. M.). Suspend fins over your actor and note to what extent they will be moved by his presence (E. ROLAND NORTH).

Fidelity of a Spouse : From a pile of old, unwashed socks the faithful spouse, blindfolded, automatically will be able to select a pair of her husband's. (The fidelity test for males involves the use of lip-stick stained tea-cups) (GRANVILLE GARLEY). Ask suspected spouse to join up ends of string ribbon. If he she ties them in a bow, he she is faithful ; if knot, not (JOYCE JOHNSON). Plant woman's stocking in man's quarters or man's tie in woman's, and arrange for discovery by the opposite sex. The faithful partner will make a row (ALLAN M. LAING). Mark a three-leaved clover " Faith," " Hope " and " Charity " respectively, and offer it to a green-fly. If it chooses " Faith " all is well, if " Hope " hope for the best, if " Charity " exercise it (J. C. SMITH).

Difference between Butter and Margarine : Butter the paws of one of your cats, and smear margarine on the paws of another. The cat with the buttered paws will stay with you, the other will seek a home where there are more ration books (E. ROLAND NORTH). Rub fat on a creaking hinge. If margarine, nuts will fall out (P. M.). Taste the presumed margarine, taste the presumed butter, taste guns. That worse than guns is butter (ROBERT GAFFIKIN). Place your ration on a cow's grave. If she turns it's marge (J. C. SMITH). Taste it—unless you are Dr. Edith Summerskill (H. A. C. EVANS).

CHESS : Trapping the Trapper

No. 146

I wonder if we chess players can be quite happy about the Oxford Dictionary's definition of a trap as a contrivance to catch noxious animals. More appropriate perhaps would be the term " bait " which refers to the alluring of poor fish. But surely, there is not much fun in outwitting the opponent merely by dint of his lack of wits. The very word implies a double-edged affair, and what we really yearn for is to walk into a trap with our eyes so wide open as to see yet another hidden trap-door to walk out of, head erect, before banging it on the opponent. Here (Szabo-Muhring, 1946), is a case in point. White could have won comfortably by Kt-B5, but he delighted his opponent by playing Q-Kt8 ch. Muhring should have interposed his R, with the idea of countering Kt-Q6 ch by Q x Kt ; but what he did play was K-B2, still determined to trap his redoubtable opponent's Queen. Szabo promptly obliged by Q x R, and after R-Q1 meekly played the Q to KR7, where she was properly trapped by B-B4. Muhring must have got quite a shock when Szabo calmly proceeded to reveal that other trap-door by Kt-Kt5 ch, followed by R-K7 ch, etc. I wonder if readers have any similarly thrilling experiences of thrust and counter-thrust to report, something as delightful as this battle of wits between Aitken (White) and Christoffel at Hastings, 1945. Black had just played his Q to Kt4 and was now threatening R-Kt6-Kt8. Aitken countered (1) Kt-B3, which was precisely what the wily Swiss master had wished to provoke, so as still further to restrict the White Rook's elbow-room. He promptly exploited the situation by (1) . . . P-B5, thereby practically forcing, (2) B-Kt4. Had the Swiss looked as deeply into the position as the Scot he would have chosen discretion by playing R x R, followed by Kt-B3 ; but he considered it more valorous to bag the exchange, the win of which he had so shrewdly coveted. Yet, by playing (2) . . . R-R5 he in turn did precisely what Aitken had wished to provoke, who now revealed that other trap-door by (3) B x Kt, P x R, (4) Q x P, Q-Kt7, (5) Q-R6 ! In the post-mortem Aitken proved that (4) . . . Q-K1 could not have saved the Black game either, on account of (5) B-B6, Q-KB1, (6) Kt-Kt5, B-Kt4, (7) P-K6, B-K1, (8) P-K7, Q-R3, (9) Q-B4, etc.

A: L. Kubbel 1941

B: L. Kubbel 1941

For this week's competition we are again indebted to Dr. Gyorgy Paros of Budapest ; he kindly sent me two particularly interesting pieces by that great composer Leonid Kubbel who met his untimely death in besieged Leningrad almost exactly ten years ago. **A**—a 3-mover—will please our problem-addicts and may well be worth 6 ladder-points. As for **B**—White to win—this is an ingenious endgame study, hardly over-rated with 7 points. These two pieces, incidentally, may well have been the last ever to be composed by that great master. They were both first prize-winners and published in *Shakmaty* early in 1941 ; but since the paper had to interrupt publication after June of that year, the solutions have never been " officially " published.

Usual prizes. Entries by July 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

(Set June 28)

A : (1) B-Q5, Q-QKt2, (2) R x Kt, ch etc., if (1) . . . Q-QB2 (2) R x B ch, etc.

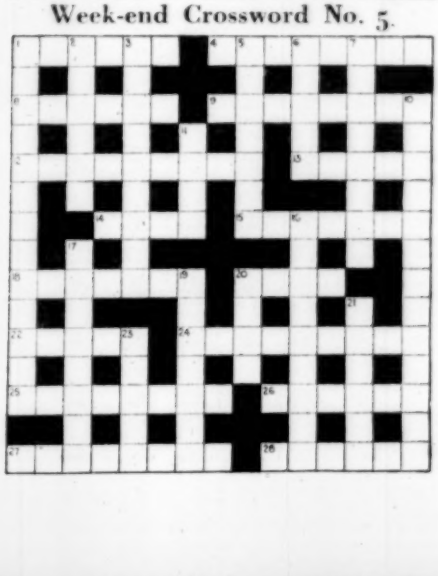
B : (1) P-Kt7, B x P, (2) K-Kt6, B-Q4, (3) R-Q7, B-Kt3, (4) R-Q8 ch, B-B1, (5) R-KS, etc., if (1) . . . K-B7, (2) R-QB7, B x P, (3) K-Kt5, K-Kt1, (4) K-Kt6, B-B6, (5) R-KB7, etc., if (1) . . . B-B3, (2) K-B6, P-Q8, (3) R-Q7, etc.

C : (1) Kt(5-B7, P-Kt7, (2) B x Kt, R-Q8, (3) B-B5, P queens, (4) B x Q, B-B7 ; (5) B-R2, B-K16, (6) Kt-Kt6 !! and mates by Kt-B4 if Black plays B x B, otherwise winning by material preponderance, if (5) . . . B-Kt8, (6) B-B1? B-Q6, (7) Kt-Kt6 !! mating by B-K2 if B x Kt and winning by Kt-K5 ch, if B x Kt, (1) Kt x Kt is refuted by P-Kt7.

Surprisingly many competitors saw the basic idea of **C** but dropped a point by overlooking the subtleties of the alternative variation arising from the 5th move. Prizes shared by E. W. Carmichael, L. S. Kennion, H. F. Moxon, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider. A well-deserved hon. mention for E. Allan and J. C. Waldron.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 5.



ACROSS

1. No doubt this bird woos its mate softly (6).
4. Mines where all may play their part ? (4, 4).
8. Severe officials (6).
9. Disorderly, although it looks as if there is a chief in charge (8).
12. Is this what life is like in E.C. 16 ? (9).
13. A final letter means that there are some gas cuts ; two shillings are needed to restore it (5).
14 & 20. The sound of a bell-buoy as it shifts to and fro ? (8).
15. First-rate, but not at golf (7).
18. Gather together for prayer (7).
20. See 14.
22. She comes out of the ball in dancing shoes (5).
24. Senses, perhaps, after double their number (9).
25. A transport chief ? (8).
26. Unpretentiousness on the rugger field ? (2, 4).
27. Goatsucker (8).
28. Comfort from sun and star (6).

DOWN

1. An upright style (13).
2. A drink for an operatic hero (6).
3. Come to pass (9).
5. Spicy—and a humorist, it seems (7).
6. He is on edge with us (5).
7. Agile as a lithe cat (8).
10. This makes hard work at the theatre, but is beneficial in the holidays (6, 2, 5).
11 & 20. May be seen above the circle (8).
16. Milton's roses open (9).
17. It seems that the Queen's husband also made tarts on the side (8).
19. Beloved of 2 (7).
20. See 11.
21. The Queen in Canada (6).
23. Buddhist adept (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 4

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is exempted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary scale £450 to £500 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinar; teaching duties of the Department. Duties to commence October 1, 1952. Applications should be sent not later than August 16, 1952, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

CARDIGAN County Grammar School. (Co-Ed. Enrol. 460.) Wanted next term (or as soon as can be released from present post) graduate to teach Economics to Advanced and Scholarship levels. Experience desirable. State subsidiary Subjects. Special Responsibility Allowance offered for good Degree and/or successful experience. Apply immediately (no forms), enclosing two recent testimonials, to Headmaster at School, Cardigan. Accom. available. Canvassing is prohibited.

OXFORD House Educational Centre, Roca. Applications are invited for the post of Education Officer at the above centre, to commence duties as soon as possible. Candidates should possess a University Degree. Experience in Adult Education desirable, though not essential. Salary: £450 per annum. Further particulars and application form may be obtained from the undersigned, on receipt of a stamped, addressed foolscap envelope. Closing date: 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement. F. Tudor Evans, Acting Warden, Oxford House Educational Centre, Roca, Man.

WANTED in September, experienced housemistress, not under twenty-five years of age, for a group of fifteen girls between the ages of eleven and fourteen. Must be interested in the problems of the deprived and difficult adolescent and able to be responsible for their out of school activities and general welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply Miss Rendel, Coldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

SECRETARY (man or woman), age not under 25, required for Mass Radiography Units. At the present time there is one such unit based at Paddington Hospital. Good general education, administrative experience and ability to speak in public essential. Salary Grade E, £570 × £30 - £630 p.a. plus £50 or £90 London Weighting according to age. National Health Service Conditions. Further information (stamped addressed envelope please) from Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a, Portland Place, W.1, to whom applications should be made with names of two referees, not later than July 30.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200-£225 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Maiden Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Why not write now to the Matron, The Southern Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars of vacancies?

THE National Association for Mental Health, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex (Approved School for 25 Senior Girls). The above school is for girls of 14 years of age and upwards, who have been committed to an Approved School and are in need of psychiatric treatment. A full-time Psychiatric Social Worker (woman) is required as from September 1, 1952. Clinical experience is essential. Experience of social work with adolescent girls and interest in research an advantage. Applicants may be either single or married. Salary within the scale £420 - £30, increments to £580. Applications to the Correspondent, Duncroft, 59, Queen Anne street, London, W.1.

ISLINGTON M.B.C. require Female Health Officer (S.R.N.). Duties mainly health supervision of elderly persons. Experience in social work an advantage. Salary £458 rising to £480 per annum. No housing provided. Application form from Medical Officer of Health, Town Hall, Islington. Closing date, July 26, 1952.

FULL-time Assistant Leader (male) required for large mixed club. Write, giving full particulars and salary required, to The Warden, Alford House Club, Aveline Street, S.E.11, by Saturday, July 26.

HOUSEFATHER or Handyman, Housemother, Cook and Teacher reqd. for small co-ed. food reform school. Glos. Box 2480.

EXPERIENCED Warden for mixed hostel for destitute and homeless people, S.E. London. Excellent opportunity for Christian to go in action. Apply: Green, Room 17, Kingsway, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1952 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1952 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer Class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £812—£1,022; (women) £681—£917; Scientific Officers (men) £440—£707, (women) £440—£576, Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440—£655. (Rates for women under review.) Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S. 53/52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S. 52/52—S. 128/52 for the other posts.

SCOTTISH Community Drama Association invites applications for post of Adviser for Highland area centred in Inverness. Practical experience of stagecraft and ability to lecture and demonstrate to amateur groups is necessary. Commencing salary £500 p.a. Applications to Secretary: L. G. Langwill, C.A., 16 Melville Street, Edinburgh, 3.

ORGANISER for the Manchester and District Federation of Community Associations, working from Council of Social Service offices and in collaboration with the Local Education Authority. Initial salary up to £500 p.a. according to ability and experience. Closing date July 31. Details from Hon. Sec., M. & D.F.C.A., 16 Queen St., Manchester, 2.

OUT-of-School activities. Master, single, required for co-educational school with some difficult children. Box 2424.

THE National Union of Students require Warden (man or woman) to take charge of student hostel (married couple also considered); for full particulars and application form write: General Secretary, N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

AUTHORESS, London, reqs. secretary. High speed shthnd. Lit. knowledge & abil. to edit and correct proofs essential. Age over 25. Salary by arrangement. Box 2402.

SCHOOL Secretary. Applications are invited from competent shorthand-typists with secretarial experience for Wester Elchies School (preparatory for Gordonstoun); must be active and preferably under middle age. Resident post. Full details to: Headmaster, Aberlour House, Aberlour, Banffshire.

SECRETARY Shorthand - Typist - Bookkeeper (lady). Good general Commercial experience, with knowledge of import and export procedure. Box 2366.

SECRETARY Shorthand Typist required, preferably one with wide knowledge of amenity and open-air organisations. Must possess good typing and shorthand speeds and ability to use own initiative. Commencing salary £400 p.a. Applications in writing only stating qualifications and experience to Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, N.W.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8, temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Aby.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

ASSISTANT wanted to develop Secondhand and Antiquarian Book Department in Antique business, S.W.3. Box 2446.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following vacancies this September: Head Cook, catering for 160; two Cooks, each to take charge of a boarding house kitchen feeding 22. Resident salary according to experience. Applications to the Domestic Bursar, Dartington Hall School, Totnes, S. Devon.

COOK and Matron reqd. in Sept. for vegetarian co-ed. school. Box 2425.

EXPD. Cook-housekeeper wanted, co-ed. boarding school. Headmaster, Chunhurst School, Tadworth, Surrey. Tadworth 2011.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FORMER Editor "Books of Today" seeks literary typographical work. Box 2464.

WIDELY-travelled, adaptable yng. man, just returned from abroad, press/public relations exper., shs. interesting & or remunerative work; anything consid. Box 2510.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

GENTLEMAN, 43, very able, perfect English, French, Spanish and Portuguese, with wide world connections and great experience of International Trade, specially Europe and South America, excellent manager and undertaker for any business depending upon International Public and Trade Relations, able to control and survey Foreign Agencies, Branches, Associated Companies, etc. (Administration, Finance and Accounts), accustomed to travelling, free to go anywhere, good "trouble shooter," seeks important responsible situation with reliable people. Would do extremely well as a private Secretary. Free Aug.-Sept. (presently travelling throughout S. America). Excellent refs. Box 2258.

GRADUATE Berlin, London (Langs.), 6 years' teaching exp. Grammar School & Private Schools, trained Psychologist, shs. employment in or nr. London. Teaching as well as other jobs considered. Box 2307.

EX-Regular Major, 41, pleasing personality, patience, tact, long experience Army education administration, requires congenial employment, willing work hard. London or Home Counties. Box 2481.

EXPERIENCED Housemaster seeks change, or holiday work. School or private, all ages. Good discipline. Any area. Box 2312.

PROGRESSIVE Co-ed. couple (expd.) mid-40s. No children, seek posts Art and House-mothering. Returning from overseas Aug. 6. Adolescents preferred. Box 1934.

INTELLIGENT young man, 24, shorthand-typist, wide knowledge of medical and psychiatric terms and extensive general vocabulary, requires interesting job in London. Minimum £7 p.w. Box 2325.

WOMAN graduate, 28, experienced secretary, seeks post offering some opportunity for initiative. Preferably not London, but anything considered. Box 2193.

COMPETENT woman secretary (30) seeks interesting work. Wide general exper. and able to accept responsibility. Box 2230.

CULTURED yng. lady; fluent French, German, Spanish, knowledge Italian, typing; shs. interesting posn.; Spain or Italy or travel Continent; anything considered. Box 2309.

EDITORIAL Assistant (f.), 24, S. T. knowledge current affairs; capable research, feature writing, sub-editing. Any opening considered. Write Box 2401.

EXPD. nursery assistant seeks position in nursery with view to possibly future partnership or as Foster Mother. Box 2354.

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CHARMING secluded Inn for country lovers, in the heart of the Chilterns. H. & C., garage. Home-grown produce; special terms for permanent residents. The "Cock & Rabbit," The Lee, Nr. Great Missenden, Bucks. (The Lee 337.)

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. S.A.E.gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

SMALL, modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

WHITSTABLE, Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Tankerton (licensed). Abundant food, first-rate cooking. Beautifully situated in large private grounds, near sea. Easy reach Canterbury. A.A. approved. Whitstable 3243.

RYE (near). Paying guests welcomed country cottage 5 miles from sea. Farm produce, mod. cons. Some vacancies now and Aug. James, The Mill, Iden. Tel. Iden 208.

HASTINGS 4571. Enjoy ideal holiday with Socialist hosts. Terms from 4½gns. (24½gns. off season). Brochure post free. Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. A good holiday will make all the difference to the winter. The best air in Sussex and wonderful food will make you eat like a horse. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Willingford. A friendly & comfortable country house in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Approved. 71-8/gns. Tel. 3155.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country house possessing every modern amenity, situated in 12 acres gardens, overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. Details and photos from Box 2445.

LAKES. Charm, old mansion. Mod. terms, Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

RYE. The Hope Anchor Hotel. A.A. appointed, licensed. Superb posn., ideal for holidays. New management. Rye 2216.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism), H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

FINHAUT, Switzerland. Lovely mountain village near Mont Blanc. Good hotels and all amenities. Inclusive prices from 17s. 6d. per day. Very easy journey London. U.K. representative: C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

COTSWOLD valley welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country; home-grown produce; Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, modern house, large garden, peaceful surroundgs. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

WINTER comfort, Torr House Hotel, Chagford, Devon, will take a limited number of residents from Oct. to March at 4½gns. wkly. incl. Albrow. Tel.: 313911.

A FEW vacancies now and until September at congenial quiet hotel used by readers, also members Toc H, W.V.S., Quakers, etc. £5 10s. to £8 weekly (commencing Saturdays) including early tea, 4 meals daily, coffee, baths, fresh fruit daily. Twin Beds. Slumberlands, h. & c. Two Lounges, whole well appointed. Kindly write informative brochure (illustrated). Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Opposite boating, fishing, own beach tent. Best position three-mile promenade facing full South. Near Sun Lounge (orchestra daily).

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury. Thatched, simple, cosy centre tours, lovely walks. Good cooking. Terms 5-6gns. Miss English.

ESSEX. Delightful Holidays in Country House Hotel, 20 acres grounds, every modern comfort, good food, fully licensed, swimming, tennis, dancing. Weekly terms from 5gns. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, Nr. Braintree. Tel.: Gt. Bardfield 241.

THREE sisters invite paying guests to quiet country house S.W. of France. Excellent air and food; reasonable. Melles, Delpit, Logis des Frances, Cherveux (D-Sr), France.

PARIS. Spend your holiday at Hotel de Bordeaux, Latin Qtr. 300-600frs. daily. H.C. Bath. Billiards. Recently modernised. Eng. spkn. 28 rue de la Montagne, St. Geneviève, Paris V. Metro, Maubert Mutualité.

FOR Peace and Quiet in lovely surroundings stay at Farringford in the Isle of Wight. Enjoy brisk sea air, wonderful scenery and perfect service at Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.O.W. 'Phone 312. Details: Manager.

SCOTLAND. Brook Linn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Perths., Trossachs 8 miles. 4½-7gns. Tel. Callander 103.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Hols. In sunny Devon, at Britain's best Sun-Club. Self-facils. & mod. cons.; nudist sun & air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure, Sec. (C.) N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. The "Sunbather" magazine, 1s. 6d., post free.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

EXETER for a different holiday. Something to be enjoyed and remembered. Glorious Cathedral, 13th Century Guildhall, Norman Priory, Roegemont Castle, Underground Passages, and all this within easy reach of sea and moors. Brochure 2d., Guide "I" 1s. 3d., from Information Bureau, Exeter.

IT'S not too late! Farm Cottage holidays still possible. B. & B. 3½gns., with evening meal, 5gns. W.C. Bath. Maguire, Trewerers, Lanvallon, Looe, Cornwall.

PORT Isaac, N. Cornwall. The Lewens Hotel, unrivalled cliff position overlooking bay. Safe bathing. Vacs. Sept. 5-6gns. Resident Proprietors. Write Brochure or Tel. 291.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Driving facilities, hot baths, good food, £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Wreck.

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BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country within reach Eastbourne; comfort and good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. Horeham Rd. 32.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Jersey herd. Reserve now for September, October and November, when surf-bathing excellent, and "Indian Summer" weather lovely. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excel. cuisine, all comforts gtd. Port Isaac 234.

HOLIDAY in S. Wales. Farm by the sea. Vacancies July & Sept. Moderate terms. Mrs. John, Rhosgadw, St. David's, Pembroke.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

FOLKESTONE. Lismore Hotel. Your Winter home. A.A. & R.A.C. Fully Licensed, excellent cuisine and service. Sheltered position adjoining Leas. Comfortable, modern lounges, games room (Bridge). Lift. 40 bedrooms (radio and interior-sprung mattresses). Central heating, coal and gas fires. Special residential terms completely inclusive from 4½ gns. Early application essential. Phone Folkestone 2717 or write Resident Director.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Triton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Comfy., good food, friendly atmosphere. Sun lounge, putting, badminton, tennis. 10 acres lovely grounds. 5½gns. Baldslow 264.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 5½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

SOMERSET. Cossington Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater. Easy access to sea, golf, fishing. Excellent cooking. Slumberland bedding. Garage Accommodation. Terms 5½gns.

MIEDERS, Stubai Tirol, Austria. Hotel Lerchenhof. Set in one of the most glorious villages, ideal centre for motoring, walking, climbing. 40 mins. by bus Innsbruck. Catering enviable! Inclusive terms: Aug. Aust. Sch. 60; Sept. Sch. 55.

BED, breakfast, evening meal, £5. Mile Polperro, main road. Lynross, Lansallos, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 700 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in "The Good Food Guide 1952/3." Entirely revised and much enlarged but still 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrews Hill, E.C.4.

GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

PERSONAL

GENEVA: Exchange small modern s/c flat (sleep 2) for similar London during part of August-September. Box 2457.

GERMAN girl wishes visit England Aug.-Oct. in exchange English girl. Good family (Grammar School master) in Frankfurt area. References exchanged. Reply Box 2460.

GENEVA. Modern, small flat near Palais and I.L.O. available mid-August mid-Sept.; rent reas. to careful tenant. Box 2459.

A FEW places left during August: Children's Holidays at Herne Bay, £4 15s. per week. Qualified personnel. K. E. Hoy, 22 Kings Ave., Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

PROFESSIONAL family with children offer child 9-12 yrs. holiday seaside Anglesey Aug. 22-Sept. 13. £12 incl. Box 2377.

TWO English-speaking Norwegian girls, aged 26, req. job for 10 months, either together or singly, as domestic servants. If separated wd. prefer adjacent employmt. House trained. Prefer strictly business arrangement. Available immed. Write: Miss Anne-Lise Dahl, c/o Herr Ing. Ragnar Dahl, Oslo Kommune, Trondheimsvegen 5, Oslo, Norway.

FRENCH girl student reqs. P.G. accomm. Sept.-December in private family. Write Hussin, 20 Addiscombe Grove, E. Croydon.

ANOTHER student (m.) to complete small mixed party (Jewish) holidaying cheaply France-Italy August 29. PRI. 7968.

FRENCH girl, stud., sks. fam. to stay 4-6 weeks in Aug./Sept. Oct. Pay partially, help with children company. Dets. to Relations, 14 Rue du Garet, Lyon, France.

GRAD. (Georg.), some Serbian, Ital., sks. temp. work Aug./Sept. Box 2369.

GUITAR lessons. Technique. Theory. Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov, FLA. 4554.

FIRST Class Bluthner Grand Piano can be hired. Apply Box 2291.

IT pays to Fly there! Get there with personal service. Business or pleasure—it's a pleasure! Enquiries receive immediate attention through: Robert Whitaker (Travel), Ltd., 10 Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1. GROsvenor 7108.

ITALY—Comfortable, cool furn. flat to let Milan, July 20-Sept. 15, or shorter period, 2 bedrms., 1 sit., bathrm., lavatory, kit., telephone, gas, elec.; £5 per week, payable in London in sterling. Box 2278.

PROFESSIONAL man, single, seeks 5 to 10 others with a view to acquiring and sharing country house near London. Excellent domestic staff available. Box 2144.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellyary, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

A FEW vacancies in Austrian tours starting July 26 and Saturdays in August, partly by air; exceptional value. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

PERSONAL—continued

SUMMER Holidays: Have your arrangements fallen through? There is still time to join one of my informal parties to an attractive Italian lakeside resort (July 27), Danish seaside holiday near Copenhagen (August 1), an Austrian party (August 2, 16, 30 and September 13) or an English House Party (July 25-August 30). Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ROTA-TYPE agencies. Estimates required for occasional broadsheet. Box 2294.

CARAVEL Press prints books of Memoirs, Poetry, Family Histories, etc. Editorial Service. 85 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.

ROME. Unusual easy holiday artist's flat. Cook. All comf., central, mod. Box 2303.

MODELLING and Sculpture. Tuition in private studio. Bruno Simon, 7b, Craven Hill, W.2. Ring: BAY. 5263.

£15 offered, as summer rent for use of small site bordering sandy beach for caravan, 40 miles from London. Box 2333.

INTERESTING opportunity for imaginative investor (active or non-). Small established periodical publishing enterprise with attractive possibilities. Box 2356.

LAST minute Continental Holidays not arranged for the masses but individually for you. 10 days in Spain from £26 19s. 6d.; Italy £25 19s. 6d.; France £18 10s. 6d.; 7 days in Paris from £13 15s. Write or 'phone: Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 4114-5.

GIRLS, British and French, can meet for practice in conversation; seaside summer holiday house-party. Hants. £5 p.w. 9 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.3. KEN. 9661.

JUGOSLAV Holidays: Departure every Sat. 16 days £26 or £29 incl. Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand. Send S.A.E.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

NO French holiday this year? Then go "French" with Noilly Prat, specially served at Layton's Wine Bar, 2a Duke St., W.1 (Manchester Sq.), every evening in July.

BOOK Indexes made. Any subject, any length. Box 557.

MATHS., personal tuition by post. S. Bacon, B.Sc., 136 Coombe Rd., Salisbury.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holiday in August for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Expeditions and hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. B. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

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SPANISH Guitar tuition in Segovia method by Len Williams. Classical/Flamenco/Spanish music. Solo or voice accomp. Cses. for beginners. Free booklet. Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

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HOLIDAYS Abroad Individually arranged at shortest notice without fuss to anywhere accessible by air or surface routes. Write for brochure of suggestions or let us help you with your own. Dept. N.S., Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel.: ABBey 2214/5.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of successful course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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PERSONAL—continued

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BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

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ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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GRAD. & wife offer s. accom., cking. facs. Pleas. home Hampstead. 1 lge. rm. 55s. 6d., 2 others 45s. 6d. each. Box 2455.

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FUR. flat Putney. 3 rms. Own bthrm. C.H.W. £3 10s. Fr. early Aug. Box 2148.

FOR Aug. furn. ho. Watford, sp. 4, 5, July, gdn., tel., c.h.w. Refs. Box 2470.

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FLATS furn.: July, Sept., £5 wkly. Glenny, "Annaville," Wavenspatt, Co. Down.

EXCH. unfurn. s/c top fl. flat, 3 rms., k. & b. off Sloane Sq., rent £110 p.a. incl., for similar lower fl. or lift. Box 2498.

EXCHANGE furnished luxury 3-roomed flat Baker Street, flat house, Newquay or West coastal resort 2-4 wks. August. Box 2454.

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DOCTOR'S wife, 2 children, urgently needs to rent house, part house or flat. Anywhere Box 457.

TEACHER taking Course London University urgently requires bed-sitting room August or Sept. for a year. Box 2458.

MARRIED couple req. bed-sit. room, sep. kitchette, reas. rent. N.W. PRI. 4918 eve.

YOUNG artist, wife and child urgently need studio accom., flat, shed or save in which to live and work, preferably in London or British Isles. Would share with vegetarians. Facilities or similar. Box 2428.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Open 6 days a week, including weekends. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL. 5088).

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Square, rendezvous for Players and Playgoers. Regular season of Intimate Plays and Revues. Licensed till midnight. Food Counter. Annual subscr.: full members, 21s.; theatre members, 5s.; members of Equity, 10s. 6d. Apply 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHItehall 3678.

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IRVING. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.30. Sun. 6.0. Israeli Play. "They'll Arrive Tomorrow." by Natan Shaham. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Until July 20. First Anniversary Cabaret. Sham Wallis, David Hurst, Charlotte Mitchell, Cy Grant, Betty Marsden, Ronnie Stevens. Evenings (ex. Mon.) 10.30. Sun. 9.0. Mems. 5s. yearly.

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EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 20: Louis Jouvet in "Education du Prince" (A). From July 21: Maurice Chevalier in "Ma Pomme" (A).

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BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club. Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., July 19, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tkts. 4s.

SUN., July 20, 8 p.m. Gay LY.C. Social. 13 Chelsea Embkmnt. (W. African Students' Union) facing Festival Gardens. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

OPEN Air Art Exhibition, Festival Gardens, Battersea Park, opens August 9 at 3 p.m.; August 10-24, 12.30-8.30, Sats. and Suns. inclusive. Sending-in days July 31 and August 1. For details apply A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2. Selection Committee includes: Edward Ardizzone, James Boswell, James Fitton, Arthur Fleischmann, James Gardner, John Minton, Eric Newton, Michael Rothenstein and Keith Vaughan.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise (20th year) at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

TWENTIETH Century Masterpieces. Arts Council Exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till August 17, Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Exhibition at 142 New Bond Street, W.1. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Until July 30.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. A selection of Lithographs, Lino Cuts and Silk Screen Pictures on the 2nd floor at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

RECENT trends in Realist Paintings. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1, until Aug. 2. 10-6, Sun. 2-6. 1s. 6d. Members free.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Names to Remember."

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

CHARLES Keene. An exhibition of drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till August 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St. Contemporary French Primitives, Vivin, Bombois, Banchant &c. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Art of Gandhara. 10-5, Sat. 10-1.

COME to the Kynance Gallery for Contemporary Pottery, Paintings and Lamps. 1 Kynance Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7. Monday-Saturday, 10-6.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Annual Review of Works by Artists from the Gallery.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Hunterian Collection sent by the University of Glasgow. Adm. free. Wkdys. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition, English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes August 31.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Paintings 1918-1930 by Jean Metzinger. New Sculpture, Paintings and Drawings by Giacometti, Moore, Matisse and Manzu. Until August 2.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th centuries. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HEAL'S Top-floor Flat. Furniture for present-day needs on view on 4th flr. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

YOUNG Painters of the Ecole de Paris. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till August 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

YUGOSLAV Art Photography. Exhibition at the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, W.1. July 16-August 15. 10.30 a.m. – 5.30 p.m. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

IAN Mikardo, M.P., on "Some Aspects of the New Fabian Essays," Tues., July 22, 7 p.m. at Civvic Restaurant, 102 Baker St.; St. Marylebone Fabian Society dinner mtg., charge 3s. Guests welcome; tel. CUN. 1034.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Press, Politicians and the Public," by W. F. Deeds, M.P., of the Daily Telegraph. Thursday, Jul. 24, 8 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

SOUTH Africa. Violation of Civil Rights – Conference at Beaver Hall, E.C.4 (nr. Mansion House Stn.) Sat., July 19, 2.30-8.0. M. Mueller (former Gen. Sec., Textile Wkrs. Indust. Union of S.A.), D. N. Pritt, Q.C., Monica Whately. Credentials & Visitors tickets from National Council for Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

POLAND'S National Liberation Day Celebration, Whitehall Theatre, Sun., July 20, 7 p.m. Alan Loveday and Leonard Cassini; Susan Slivko; Esther Salaman and Paul Hamburger; W.M.A. Singers, Polish Folk Dances and "Poland's Path to Freedom" in prose, poetry and music. H.E. the Polish Ambassador will honour the occasion. The Rt. Hon. Lord Silkin, P.C., will preside. Tickets 2s. 6d. and 1s. from Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Place, W.1. (LAN. 6593; or Sat., LAN. 1271.) No sales at door.

CTTEE. for Friendship with Bulgaria. Nicola Vaptsarov, revolutionary poet, Commemoration Meeting, July 23, 7.45, Caxton Hall, S.W.1 (nr. St. James's Pk. Stn.). Chair: Cmmdr. E. Young (R.N. Rtd.). Spkr.: Gladys Driver. Ann Lindsay & Alex McCrindle will read Vaptsarov's poems.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 26 at 6 p.m. Mr. St. John Gordon: "The Birth of a Film."

WILLIAM Poel Memorial Lecture by Mr. Robert Speaight, Arts Council, 4 St. James' Sq., W.1. Mon., July 21, 7.30. Lilah McCarthy in chair. Tickets 2s. 6d. (s.a.e.) Shakespeare Stage Soc., 96 Charlotte St., W.1.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. July 20: "Man and Evolution."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. July 20: Professor T. H. Pear, M.A.: "What Social Psychologists Should Study." Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Junior Debating Group, Fri. evgs., at 7.15 p.m.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "The Relation Between Justice and Christian Love." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, July 20, at 11 a.m.

TO all Labour Parties: Abingdon Constituency Labour Party will hold their Annual Fete and Rally at Buscot Park, Faringdon, on Monday, Aug. 4 (by kind permission of Lord Faringdon). Reserve this date for a day out for your members. For further details apply Agent, 27 High Street, Abingdon, Berks.

SHAW Society will meet from September at National Book League H.Q., 7 Albemarle St. New members welcome; details & specimen pubns. from 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"HUMAN Responsibilities in the Twentieth Century." Conference on modern problems and their work at Rudolf Steiner to be held in Bedford College, Regent's Park, July 28 to Aug. 4. Lectures (8 p.m.) and discussion groups daily on Education, (including Curative), Agriculture, Science, Social Questions. Opening lecture on the Conference theme by Dr. Zeylmans van Emmichoven (The Hague), July 28, 8 p.m. Particulars from Secretariat, 35, Park Rd., N.W.1 (PAD. 4400). Special terms for teachers and students.

SPEND Bank Holiday at Pendley with your Camera. Landscape and Outdoor Pictorial Photography. August 1-4. Lectures and tuition by experts. Fee £4 10s. Full parties from the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302).

OFFLEY Training College administered by the Hertfordshire Education Committee in co-operation with the Froebel Educational Institute. A two-year Froebel course for primary teachers is being offered from 1953 to 1955. Apply for particulars to The Principal, Offley Place, near Hitchin, Herts.

HUMAN Relations in Industry. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5, offers one-month full-time courses for middle and lower levels of management. New series begins September. Call, write or phone GUL.liver 1154, ext. 11.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Park 4465. Open throughout the summer for beginners and refresher courses.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952: 2-9, Hope, Derbyshire. 9-16: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. 16-23: Kingsgate College, Broadstairs. 23-30: Frensham Heights, Farnham. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

SUMMER Film School, Glasgow-Edinburgh, August 11-23. Max Ophuls, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Dilys Powell, John Grierson, etc. Programme and details from: British Film Institute, 4, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 0581.

HOUSE Party Holidays for professional people from Britain and abroad. Spend your next holiday at an informal Country House Party in Sussex by the sea or near Windsor Forest, July 25-August 30. All facilities for sports, country, foreign language practice and dancing. The cost is very reasonable. Also week-end parties in July and August. Details from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0411.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HAVE you seen the July number of "Opera" (edited by the Earl of Harewood) which contains reports and photographs of the Florence May Festival and the Paris Oeuvres du XX Siecle, Vittorio Gui? Regular features include news-reports from abroad, gramophone-record and book reviews and Opera Diary. Obtainable from all Bookstalls and Newsagents or post free 2s. 8d. from The Rolls House Publishing Co., Ltd., Rolls House, 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

"THE Amateur Historian." A new journal catering for local history research workers and archæologists. Number One out early August, subsequently every other month. Order your copy in advance (price 1s. 6d. post free) from C. E. Fisher & Co. (Publishers), Ltd., 20-21 Took's Court, London, E.C.4.

PUBLISHED July 16. "The Land of Britain" by Laurence Easterbrook, price 1s. 6d. This is the tenth publication in the "Background to the News" Service and is likely to be the last in the current subscription year. Subscriptions for 1952-53 (12s. 6d.) are now invited. Special rates apply for schools and organisations. Orders and inquiries should be sent to: "Background to the News" Department E, News Chronicle, 12-22 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

EVIL Men? Read "Society and the Homosexual" by Gordon Westwood. Send 10s. for post-free copy. Bergoff Books, 109 High St., Banstead, Surrey.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 86 and 87

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